

EASTERN CITIES
AND
ITALIAN TOWNS.

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WITH NOTES ON THEIR ARCHITECTURE.


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PREFACE.



TRAVELLERS in the countries bordering the Mediterranean frequently lament the want of a Handbook containing fuller information about the architecture of the places they visit, than is generally to be found in even the most voluminous "Guides." Without some acquaintance with the characteristic features of ecclesiastical and domestic buildings, they find it impossible to realise to the full the attractions of the larger cities, such as Rome, Florence, and Venice; still less are they able to appreciate the pleasures to be derived from visiting the smaller towns and villages in Italy and the East, many of which contain churches and other edifices of a most interesting character.

The admirable works of Street and Freeman on Italy and Spain are the text books of ecclesiologists, but ordinary travellers do not care to wade through pages filled with historical and technical details. Thinking, therefore, that short descriptions of some of the most renowned cities of the East, and some of the less frequented towns of Italy, written in a familiar style, and with as few technicalities as

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possible, would be as acceptable to the general reader and traveller as to him who makes architecture his special study, I have thought it worth while to reproduce the following chapters, with the kind permission of the editors of *The Architect* and *The Builder*, in whose pages most of them have appeared at various periods.

Those who wish for more detailed notices of the rise and progress of the various styles of architecture which prevailed in Italy and the East will find them in a series of elementary lectures on "Christian Architecture,"* which have just been published.

Considering the wide field which literature of this class presents to the author, the following sketches are but a small contribution ; but should they meet with the approbation of the reading and travelling public, a second series will follow this first instalment.

* "Elementary Lectures on Christian Architecture," by R. P. Pullan, F.R.I.B.A. Crown 8vo, with 5 plates. E. Stanford, Charing-cross.

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EASTERN CITIES.

I.

DAMASCUS.

WE are standing on the summit of one of a row of hills looking down upon a extensive plain, all aglow in the rays of an evening sun. The range of our vision extends to a distance of twenty miles at least, and it is bounded by a tawny-coloured expanse of sandy desert, here and there relieved by grey mountains in the dim distance. Not a blade of grass is to be seen ; the plain and the mountain on which we stand are parched and burnt up by the constant heat of the sun of the East. But most refreshing to the eyes of travellers who have endured eight hours of a transit across the burning Sahara is the billowy sea of foliage rippling and waving almost at our feet, —a sea of dark green some five miles broad by eight or ten in length,—a dark patch upon the yellow sand without a softening border of verdure, looking as though it had been cut out of some Amazonian forest, and put down in the desert purposely to gladden the heart of the weary traveller.

In the midst of this sea there is a mud-coloured island—a city of flat-roofed houses, with minarets springing up amongst them as though to catch the rays of light ere they depart. Here and there,

between the masses of green formed by cypress poplar, and palm-tree, may be seen silvery lines of light—numerous streams, the secret sources of all this wealth of nature. We descend, anxious to explore the recesses of these forests, and to enter the half-concealed city. Instead of entering immediately, we make a half circuit round its battlemented walls, and approach a ruined Roman gateway situate on the opposite side of the city to that from which we first beheld it.

The gateway consists of a mass of wall, about 90 ft. in length by 50 ft. in height. It is divided into three compartments by narrow pilasters. Each compartment has an archway, that in the centre being 21 ft. wide, the others narrower. They all have pilasters and architraves, with semicircular arches above, and two of them are built up. We enter the third by a circuitous passage, formed for the better security of the city in case of attack. But where are we? Surely in a city of the dead. As far as we can see, before us and on both sides, are ruined houses. All is desolation. As we proceed, we peep into what were formerly the courts of luxurious mansions. Mosaics are still upon the walls. Traces of painting are still to be seen, together with richly-carved wood and stone work, half destroyed. We see churches levelled to the ground, and cottages unroofed. What has caused all this destruction,—water, fire, or earthquake? The fire of fanaticism

burning in men's bosoms. We are in the street called Straight, in the Christian quarter of the holy city of Damascus,—beautiful without, but within “all death, all rottenness, and bones,” where, a few short years ago, hundreds of Christians were massacred for their faith, and thousands had their property stolen and their homes rendered desolate. We pass on to the central quarter, over heaps of rubbish from the ruins. Here the houses are mean enough externally, the walls being plastered with mud, and the windows latticed, and the doorways low and unobtrusive; but when we enter we find the houses the most beautiful in the world. Our hotel, for instance,—an ancient mansion, recently appropriated by Demetri to the accommodation of travellers,—might be passed a hundred times without being noticed. It has no sign. Its outer door opens into a small court; from thence a passage leads into a second court, 80 ft. or 100 ft. square, surrounded by buildings. In the centre of the side opposite the entrance is a recess, 20 ft. square, with a pointed arch the full height of the house in front of it. It is ceiled with wood covered with arabesque patterns painted in positive colours. All round it there is a low divan, and it has a dado of inlaid marbles. This is the *lewan*, in which visitors are received, common to the mansions of Damascus. On either side of the *lewan* there are guest-chambers. On another side of the court is the *salon* where we

dine, and opposite the *lewan* is a still finer building, the plan of which may be best understood by imagining six squares arranged so as to form a block, three squares in length and two in depth. The central division towards the court, or hall, is higher than the rest; those divisions contiguous to it at the sides, and that at the back, open into it, and are separated from it by pointed arches as high as that of the *lewan*. The two other divisions are separated from the rest by walls, with doors and windows in them. The pavement throughout is of marble mosaic, and in the centre of the hall is a fountain, the splashing of whose water is so essential to the Oriental when he wishes "to make *kief*." The ceilings are all beautifully diapered, and the walls painted in stripes of red, blue, and white.

The water-supply of Damascus is excellent. The rivers Abana and Pharpar and their numerous streamlets supply every house with water through a tank which is placed in the centre of the court, and surrounded by orange-trees and myrtles. Wherever there is water in a hot country there is vegetation; and where there are trees and pasturage there are inhabitants. For these reasons we can easily imagine how, in the early ages of the world's history, nomad tribes were induced to form a settlement here, and thus founded Damascus, the town of Eliezer, Abraham's steward, and one of the four oldest cities in the world.

Our hotel is but one of the smaller of the magnificent palaces which adorn the town. We afterwards visit the finest, which belonged to one of the first men of the city,—a wretch who hounded on the rabble at the time of the massacre, and was in consequence sent to comfortable banishment in the island of Rhodes. The general features were the same as those of our hotel, except that it had three courts, the third and largest, or harem, being 500 ft. or 600 ft. in length. Here the *lewan* and women's apartments were situated. The decorations throughout were much more gorgeous than those just described, the walls being lined with delicate arabesque patterns in coloured marbles, set in a white ground. The first court was for servants and slaves, and the second for the accommodation of guests.

We visited also the modern house of a rich Jew, which had one court, also enriched with painting, gilding, and inlaid marbles—but garish and gaudy—not so pleasing in effect as in the older mansions, where the ornamentation is of a freer character, and the colours are toned down by age.

There is no greater contrast between the manners of the inhabitants of the East and West than in the mode in which they build their houses. Popkins, the citizen of London, when he builds his suburban villa, makes it smart and showy outside; he decorates it with compo columns and

cornices, or makes it still more attractive by the extravagance of variegated brickwork used without stint. Abou ben Sakal, merchant of Damascus, on the contrary, lavishes his thousands on the interior. He builds his palace of marble, he ceils it with cedar, and paints it with ultramarine and vermillion ; and then plasters the exterior with mud, so that no one would surmise the wealth that was within it. But Popkins is right, and Abou is wrong ; one builds for the public,—in the warmth of his benevolence he wishes to show them something tasty ; the other builds a splendid den for himself and his harem, and lives in it a sensual, sordid life, careless of all that goes on around him. He builds his house for himself, and he enjoys it in his selfish way. Such men as he it was who instigated the murderers of the Christians. Demetri, our host, who was a survivor, tells us how it all came to pass. One evening he was standing on the terrace of his house, looking down into the street, when he saw a crowd of mere boys rushing from the bazaars to the Christian quarter, with sticks and stones in their hands, crying “Death to the Nuzrani !” This was but a little leaven, but on the morrow the whole of the scum of the city rose, and began to pillage, and then, finding there was no resistance, began to slay. They were soon joined by wandering Arabs and Druses from without, who scented their prey from afar, and flocked by

hundreds into the city. The work of destruction was done very systematically. Every day thirty or forty houses were sacked, and their inhabitants— young men or grey beards, women or children— were beaten to death with clubs, stabbed, or torn to pieces on their thresholds. Poor lambs! they offered no resistance: they were Christians, and thought it no loss to be martyrs.

There is no doubt but that the assassins were stimulated to exertion by the heads of the chief families. But amidst all this Moslem fanaticism there was one noble heart, that gallant gentleman, —call him *santon*, or saint, as you will,—Ab del Kader, who sallied forth at the head of his body-guard and rescued hundreds: he for some days fed and sheltered them in his *konak*; and, when they became too numerous to be accommodated, escorted them to the citadel.

The centre of attraction in Damascus is, of course, the great mosque, anciently a Christian church, and before that a Roman temple. It is so surrounded by the bazaars that no part of it can be seen until its court is entered. This mosque being one of the three holiest in the world, was closed to the Christian, until the visit of the Great Opener of holy places in the East—the Prince of Wales. Porter, who was five years in Damascus, and who has given a description of it, derived from a Christian workman employed in repairing it, never

entered it. De Saulcy and Schubert had to climb to the roof of the bazaar to get a glimpse of it ; nor was Miss Beaufort more fortunate. The following notes were hurriedly taken in the midst of a scowling, sneering crowd, and therefore they must be received with due indulgence. The English Consul being at his summer residence in the mountains during this visit, we availed ourselves of the escort of two cavasses from the Prussian Consulate, sent for the protection of one of our party. We passed through the bazaars rapidly, for fear of attracting a crowd, and descended through the book bazaar by a flight of steps to a lower level. Here we passed under a ruined Roman archway, the top of which we afterwards saw from the yard of the mosque, and between two rows of fine marble columns and Corinthian capitals. There had been ten columns on each side ; those that remained were built into the bazaar walls. This was the chief approach to the ancient temple. We then entered an oblong court-yard, on the north side of the mosque, which was the full length of the building, 431 ft., and about half its width. The court has a cloister running round it on the three sides not occupied by the mosque. On the east and west sides it is divided into compartments by square piers. In each compartment there are three semicircular arches springing from marble columns, with Corinthian capitals, and large blocks forming the *abaci*. On the north side the arches

are, for the most part, of the horse-shoe form, and they spring from piers. A second story runs round the court, having a recess above each arch, occupied by a two-light window with round arches, and a slender column in the centre.

The mosque itself is an oblong building with three roofs running longitudinally. It is divided into two equal parts by a transept, the side walls of which rise above the ridge of the central roof. In the centre of the transept there is a dome. The side walls of the mosque are divided by piers about 25 ft. in height, from which spring pointed arches. Above each arch are two windows with semicircular arches; the head of the arches and all the windows are filled with patterns in stucco or stone, such as are generally to be seen in the windows of mosques in the East. The transept on the north has three pointed arches, springing from rich marble columns with large *abaci*, and above there is a three-light round-arched window, all circumscribed by a large pointed arch. What we missed most on entering was any distinct arrangement of the interior showing that the building had once been a Christian church. There was neither apse, nor indeed any defined chancel. Two ranges of Corinthian columns, ten on each side, with *abaci* making them the same height as the outer piers, reached to the transept, which was separated from the nave and aisles by the large pointed arches. In the wall above the arcade, were

openings corresponding with the windows on the north side. The roofs are quite plain, with the beams and other timbers visible. The nave was about a fourth wider than the aisles. On the other side of the transept the arrangement was exactly similar. Both the east and west ends were flat and quite plain.

Pococke says that the altar stood under the dome; but how that could be, unless the eastern part of the church has been lengthened, one cannot well see. Without doubt, the building has undergone great changes. It seems, from the great number of columns surrounding it (there was a colonnade of twenty columns on the west, another of forty-two to the east, and on the south side a quadrangular enclosure of eighty-six columns), to have been originally one of those immense edifices, or collections of edifices, dedicated to the worship of Baal, like that at Baalbek, or Tadmor, in the desert. An inscription discovered some years ago, but subsequently destroyed, stated that it was converted into a church, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist, by Arcadius, the son and successor of Theodosius. Arcadius reigned from A.D. 395 to A.D. 408. To this period may be assigned the arcade and nave walls; but the outer walls and dome were built by the Mahometans, who took Damascus from the Christians in the commencement of the seventh century. They brought rich

marble from all parts to rebuild the edifice, and decorated the dome with representations in mosaic of the cities of Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem, between rows of palm-trees. These are still visible. As the Crusaders never succeeded in taking the holy city of El Sham, it has remained in the hands of the Moslem ever since. Before leaving the mosque we mounted to the gallery of a minaret on the north side of the court, and obtained a rough sketch of the side of the mosque in spite of the murmurs of the crowd. We unwillingly came to the conclusion that, though the mosque is a magnificent building, there is but little in the plan or general character of the edifice that indicates its Christian origin; though when careful measured drawings come to be made of it, many details may be brought to light which are not easily to be perceived by the observer who is now able to pay only a hurried visit. In the meantime, the student of Eastern ecclesiology must be content with the plans engraved in Porter's "*Damascus*" and Conder's "*Tent Life*," and the interesting remarks that accompany them.

II.

BAALBEK.—THE CITY OF THE SUN.

WHEN you occupy a country, and wish to hold it, carry roads through it. The force of this maxim of the Iron Duke has been duly recognised by our Continental neighbours, or, at least, by their rulers, and the late Napoleon III. carried his macadamised boulevards right through the strongholds of the vanquished Parisians. No more paving-stones to play with, my little *gamins*,—no more narrow lanes for ambuscades, my gentlemen of the red,—but broad imperial ways, easy for the passage of artillery, and affording elbow-room for *indigenes*, who will fall to work with a will on the first occasion you afford them. From these premises we may infer that the French intend permanently to hold Syria; for they have carried a noble road, also macadamised, right over the summit of Lebanon, through the centre of the country from Beyrout to Damascus, and have established khans at proper intervals, with relays of horses for the diligences which have commenced running. Whether or not this road was begun by the French army, during its temporary occupation of Syria, or by the company who finished it, we know not; but

we do know, that in whatever way it was accomplished, it is a great and good work, tending greatly to the comfort and security of travellers in that insecure and comfortless country. It is the path by which civilisation will penetrate to the very edge of the desert; for that great civilising power—Commerce—is already covering it with her caravans.

At the time of our visit to Damascus it was only completed three parts of the way, and the diligence only travelled half the way, the rest of the journey being accomplished on horseback. On our return from that interesting city we left the road in the great plain of Bekaa, which lies between Lebanon and Antilibanus, and is from six to ten miles wide and one hundred long, stretching from above Hums to Mount Hermon. We left the road in order to visit the ruins of Baalbek, which were situated a day's journey to the northward. A conveyance was to have met us at the branch road to Zakleh, but, as the Americans say, we "missed connections," and proceeded to the town on foot, leaving our dragoman in charge of our saddle-bags. The plain of Bekaa is quite flat, well cultivated, but without trees. In this part of it the French army was encamped many months, so the Christian boys of the neighbourhood saluted us in our progress with "Bon jour," much at first to our astonishment. Zakleh, the largest Christian town in the district, is recovering its opulence after the depressing results of the

massacre ; and we noticed that new convents were being built upon the sites of those that were destroyed, and in a manner to resist the attacks of Arabs and Druses. We found there a hovel, dignified by the name of hotel, where we had breakfast, and where we were shortly joined by Michael, our dragoman.

We went then into the market-place to hire mules ; and, having at last been successful, mounted in haste in order to reach Baalbek, if possible, before sunset. Our road lay athwart the plain to the north-east. For some miles cultivated fields without hedges or other enclosures were visible on both sides of us, and we passed at first through villages inhabited by those sons of Ishmael who had become domesticated, had relinquished " the road " to their brothers the Bedouins, and had taken to the field instead. After a time the cultivation and villages ceased, and we had around us the usual sand, stones, and brushwood. Though our progress was but slow, the wonderful grandeur of the scenery consoled us. The snowy range of the White Mountain on the one side, and on the other the red peaks of Antilibanus,—which seemed to have been burnt by the sun's rays until they had the appearance of mountains of brass,—kept company with us all day long, and as evening approached, overshadowed us,— too soon, alas ! for they obscured the great pile of the temple of Baalbek a few

minutes after we came in sight of it. We had but time to gain a glimpse of its grandeur in the short twilight, for night overtook us while we were yet miles from the ruins. It is not pleasant to be benighted in the East, for the roads are stony and difficult to follow, as there are in general no boundaries to them; but fortunately Michael knew the road well, and, after a few stumbles, we at length reached the village which adjoins the ruins in safety, and obtained quarters in the house of a Christian family. At the end of a courtyard there was an oblong building, consisting of two living-rooms, divided by an open archway like the *lewan* of the houses of Damascus. Unfortunately one of these rooms had no floor, as it was but newly built, and consequently while some of our party occupied the remaining apartment, others had to seek rest in the open archway,—to seek, but not to find it, for myriads of fleas held their revels there and banished sleep. But “it is an ill wind that blows nobody good;” for to these little tormentors we were indebted for one of the most lovely sights eye ever beheld. They were the cause of our being afoot at daybreak in time to see the sun rise over the ruins. Hurrying to a hill in front of the house, we gained a perfect view of the whole plain.

Looking over the flat-topped houses in the foreground, we beheld the broad plain of Bekaa, still wrapped in grey shadow. Beyond it rose the lofty

chain of Lebanon, whose jagged summits were just lighted up by the rosy light of morn; every ravine in its indented sides by degrees became distinctly visible, even to its purple depths. In the foreground of this majestic picture of nature rose the huge dark mass of masonry, one of the grandest of man's works, apparently an immense fortress, rising high above the houses and groves of trees which surrounded it, and surmounted by six slender columns. At first it looked gloomy and sombre, but little by little the sun's rays painted cornice and capital with rich rose madder, bringing out clearly every detail, admirable in contrast with the mass of green foliage beneath. Rapidly the shadow fled across the plain before the pursuing ray, till it was finally gathered up into a small space at our feet, and old Baal resumed possession of his early inheritance—Helopolis, the City of the Sun—to reign there royally for the next fifteen or sixteen hours. We have seen the sun rise upon the Alps from the summit of the Superga, near Turin; we have watched it tip with gold the minarets of Stamboul; we have seen it gild the sides of the Pyramids; but we never remember to have beheld such a splendid effect as when we witnessed his return to the city which bears his name,—and we owed all this to the fleas!

Upon descending to breakfast—for we early birds are always ready for our matutinal worm—we were glad to find that Michael had provided a substantial

meal. After heartily discussing it, we made our way to the ruins. Upon approaching them, we found that they consisted of temples and other edifices, erected upon an immense platform, some 20 ft. or 30 ft. above the level of the ground, and enclosed by a wall heightened in Arab times, so as to form altogether a vast fortress, 1,000 ft. in length, from east to west, and 500 ft. in breadth, from north to south, with walls varying from 60 ft. to 80 ft., or even 100 ft. in height. The platform was originally reached by a flight of lofty steps, at the east end, removed by the Mahometans, and replaced by an embattled parapet. There appears to be no mode of access to the terrace except through a breach at the south-west angle, though there is in reality another through a subterranean passage. But before entering we will walk all round the pile,—which may be called the acropolis,—and remark the construction of the platform, looking especially for the three great stones mentioned by all travellers, which, from their dimensions, have given the temple at Baalbek the name of *Ἱερον Τρίλιθον*.

The east end is entirely occupied by the propylæa. The columns of the portico no longer exist, but their bases and pedestals have been built into the embattled parapet. There were originally twelve columns, which were flanked by a pylon, 25 ft. square at each end. These pylons stand entire, and have four pilasters on each face; the cornice of the podium

is returned on both the north and south sides. Upon the entablature surmounting the pilasters, a wall has been erected by the Arabs, so as to make the total height of the building at this point almost 100 ft. above the level of the ground.

On the south side the wall is continued for the full height, to a distance of 30 ft. ; here it juts out at right angles to some 50 ft. In the east face of the projection there is an entrance to subterranean passages, which run through the basement. These we shall afterwards describe. The remainder of this side is formed by the walls of a Saracenic palace, which occupies the corner of the platform ; beyond it the barrier is formed by the south wall of the cella of the Temple of Jupiter and by the columns of the peristyle : eleven of these have fallen, but four remain standing. Roberts chose this point for one of his most beautiful sketches. Beyond the Temple occurs the breach already mentioned, as existing at the south-west angle.

On the west side we find a plain unbroken wall, and at the north-west corner the three enormous stones which we were seeking form apparently one unbroken course, 186 ft. in length by 13 ft. in depth, for they are so nicely laid that the joints are not easily to be discerned. We should suppose the temple to have been built upon rock levelled to receive it, if these stones had not other smaller courses beneath them, and if we did not see, on

turning the corner, at least six other stones of large dimensions, ranging with them, and forming with them part of the original temple, built by the Phœnicians, or by Solomon, as the Arabs say. According to them, this edifice was built by that monarch as a sort of country mansion, where he could retire to divert himself with his 1,001 wives : no great sin in their eyes. We wonder that they do not associate in their imaginations these stones with the time of the giant Noah, whose tomb was visited on our return, at Neby Nough, near Zakleh. It is a coped tomb, about 4 ft. above the ground, and 100 ft. long, showing the full stature of the truly great patriarch. We are giants in science and invention, but we have never moved a stone weighing 1,000 tons a mile's distance : perhaps because we never had occasion to do so. The quarry from which these stones were hewn is almost a mile from the temple, and there is another stone lying in it of still greater dimensions than these, being 68 ft. 4 in. long, 17 ft. wide, and 14 ft. 7 in. high, according to those who have measured it. It is tilted up at one end, all ready to be moved by rollers or whatever means were employed by primitive builders.

On the north side there is an outer wall, composed of the above-mentioned large blocks. It is about 15 ft. or 20 ft. high, and is some 20 ft. or 30 ft. distant from the higher wall, which supported the peristyle

of the Temple of the Sun, leaving a sort of fosse between. Beyond the peristyle of the temple the main wall juts out at right angles, passing beyond the end of the lower wall. The cornice of the podium begins here, and is continued round to the eastern side. In the west side of the projection is another entrance to the subterranean corridors, and there are two pilasters above it, ranging with those of the portico.

If we clamber through the breach at the north-west angle, we find ourselves on a platform lower than the general level of the enclosure. Upon it stands the Temple of Jupiter, which, after the Temple of Theseus, is the most perfect existing; and which in its dimensions exceeds the Parthenon. It is octastyle and peripteral, and of the Corinthian order. The portico had three rows of columns, and was larger than that of the Pantheon at Rome. Most of these columns are standing; those on the north side stand entire, with their entablature and with a great part of the ceiling of the peristyle, which consists of a flat segmental curve, formed of single stones laid side by side. The soffits are most elaborately ornamented with hexagonal compartments, each filled with a group of figures. Three columns of the posticum are also standing, but those on the south side have for the most part fallen down.

The doorway of the Temple has been so often

described by able pens, and delineated by able pencils, that we shall not attempt to picture it in detail; suffice it to say, that the architraves are 42 ft. high. The lintel is of three stones, the centre stone of which slipped down 3 ft. or 4 ft., but remains suspended, as though ready to fall upon those who intrude into the adytum of the temple. The internal walls have engaged columns, the spaces between them being filled with two rows of niches. Inscriptions inform us that this temple was erected in the time of Antoninus Pius.

Such being the smaller Temple, what must the larger have been in its pristine state? Now there are but six columns of the southern peristyle remaining. These stand upon a supporting wall on the general level of the upper platform. Wood and Dawkins restored this temple, and from their plan it appears to have been decastyle, peripteral, and most probably hypæthral, standing upon a high podium, which upon the north and west sides rose straight from the level of the ground. The shafts are 62 ft. 4in. high, and the total height, with the entablature, is 76 ft. Thus they were the highest in the world. This stupendous structure was approached through an atrium about 350 feet square, lined with *exedrae* and ornamented with numerous columns and niches. This again was approached through an outer and smaller court, likewise lined with seats and niches. Portions of

the former, and a great part of the latter still remain. The decoration is extremely rich, though not what we should consider pure in style. This outer court terminates in the grand eastern portico, which had twelve columns, 4 ft. 4 in. in diameter. We quote these dimensions from various authorities, as we had not time to measure, but simply to explore. After a general survey of the ruins on the platform, we visited the subterranean corridors—not the least interesting or curious part of the structure. There are two long vaulted passages running the full length of the platform, or nearly so, connected by transverse galleries. They are partly built of immense blocks, evidently of the same date as the large stones at the north-west corner; the greater part, however, is Roman work. These passages have never been thoroughly examined. Dr. Robinson appears simply to have peeped into them; others seem to have devoted their time exclusively to the examination of the upper work. We observed in our exploration an opening in the south wall of the southern corridor about 6 ft. from the ground, and, with the assistance of Michael, managed to scramble into it; but not being furnished with lights, did not venture to descend on the other side. It was too late in the day to go for candles, so we unwillingly deferred our visit till the next day, and retired to our flea-haunted mansion, when we were rejoiced to find that our hostess had actually

procured and cooked chops for dinner—an unusual luxury in a country where butcher's meat is rarely to be obtained by hungry travellers.

Early the next morning, having supplied ourselves with candles and the only ladder in the village, we returned to our underground researches, and were rewarded by the discovery of an arched chamber about 20 ft. square. The ceiling was semicircular, elaborately enriched with caissons filled with rosettes, and at the sides of the room there were rich niches with pediments over them. This chamber had evidently been open to the exterior at one time, as the end wall was of more modern days, and the crevices between the stones admitted faint rays of light. What this chamber could have been it is difficult to say. We have not met with any notice of it either in Wood, De Saulcy, Robinson, or any other writer, and we therefore feel ourselves at liberty to suppose that it was not remarked by them; the whole building is a fine study for the archæologist, and has to be thoroughly explored, measured, and explained by some future traveller, for it is without doubt the finest pile of ruins in the world as far as grandeur and completeness go.

Not far from the acropolis, as we may venture to call the fortified enclosure, stands an elegant little octagonal structure, which Miss Beaufort aptly terms the *boudoir* of the gods; each side is curved

concavely, and at each angle there is a detached column, about which the entablature is returned. It is circular in the interior, 38 ft. in diameter, and has had a domical roof, the lower courses of which remain.

There are many other objects worth a visit in Baalbek: for instance, the quarry where is the great stone, and in which there are various rock-dwellings, apparently those of anchorites; the magnificent source of most limpid water forming a small river which fertilises this part of the plain; a ruined mosque with three rows of pointed arches springing from classical columns, no doubt taken from the court of the temple; and the walls of the ancient town, which, with their gates, are almost entire, enclosing a great tract of ground, a corner of which is occupied by the modern village. All these are well worth visiting; indeed, a residence of several weeks would be necessary to enable a person to see the place thoroughly. But Michael was inexorable, and, after the second day, we unwillingly mounted our mules, and turned our faces with regret towards the Neby Nouh.

III.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

THE port of Jaffa is, without doubt, the worst in the Mediterranean, and one of the worst in the world. It consists of a natural breakwater of jagged rocks forming a semicircle of about three-quarters of a mile in diameter, with two narrow openings for the entrance and exit of small vessels—the water here being so shallow that vessels of the tonnage of passenger steamers are obliged to anchor at the distance of a mile or more from shore. As the whole coast of Syria is exposed to western gales, which pass over the full length of the Mediterranean, the anchorage is very insecure; and, when there is anything like a breeze, passengers are liable to great perils in landing and embarking, as we ourselves can testify. Stout boats, each manned by at least six Arabs, convey travellers and merchandise to and from the shore, and their unearthly yells, as they rise to the stroke of the oar, are anything but reassuring to the timid and inexperienced. We fortunately landed in calm weather, and, with the exception of having to be hauled on to a landing-stage some 5 ft. above the water, suffered no very great inconvenience; but our embarkation was a

very different affair. The wind was blowing great guns from the west, and the huge waves, coming direct from the Pillars of Hercules, spent their fury upon the rocky barrier, sending up vast clouds of spray as they dashed against it. The steamer that was to receive us lay pitching and tossing, a mile at least from shore, and was invisible to us when we glided into the trough of the sea. However, we reached her in safety, not, however, without a strong impression upon our mind that the projected railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem had better be deferred until some mode of landing the live cargo which is to make it pay can be devised. As thousands of pilgrims disembark here annually, there must be many lives lost; but in this land of no newspapers it is impossible to arrive at the percentage of accidents. We were not on this occasion solitary in our fears: another boat-load of travellers, two Americans and an Irishman, was seen toiling towards the steamer. As it neared us, we heard one of the former, a stout doctor, attempting to excite our captain's interest in getting him safely on board, by shouting at the top of his voice, "M. le capitain, je suis first-class passenger!" his fear getting the better of his French; the second, in great terror, shut his eyes and sang psalms, all the way from shore, as the doctor informed us. The Irishman, however, had fortified himself against the strong waters by a dose in no sense homœopathic, and,

insensible to danger, employed the time of his transit in speculating upon the situation of the exact spot where the whale swallowed Jonah, and was dragged on board expatiating and expostulating. When a substantial pier has been erected upon the rocky foundation, and steam-tugs are employed in the place of Arab boats, a trip to Jerusalem will lose half its danger and discomfort.

The town of Jaffa is built upon a conical hill rising out of a level shore ; behind it is a wide plain, beyond which are seen the mountains of Judæa. The white, flat-topped houses rise one above another to the summit of the hill, and look picturesque from the sea ; but the interior of the town is disenchanting, as its steep streets abound with filth, which remains there until the rains wash it away. No wonder that the cholera has visited the place, and has killed its sixty or seventy a day out of a population of 7,000. Great are the inconsistencies observable in the East, but one of the most glaring is that this dirty town is noted for its manufacture of that article which is most necessary to cleanliness—soap. Beyond the walls encircling the town, which were built by the Crusaders, there is no trace of antiquity within the town ; even the so-called house of Simon the Tanner may be of almost any age, so far as appearances go, and is probably of the Mahometan period.

There was nothing to induce us to remain in this

uninviting town, so we started for Jerusalem at three o'clock in the afternoon of the day after that of our arrival, intending to sleep in the Convent of Ramleh, according to the custom of most travellers on this road.

For two hours our road lay through one of the most thoroughly-cultivated districts in Palestine. On each side of the way there were gardens filled with luscious grapes, purple figs, and stately date-palms, whose clusters of ripe fruit and graceful branches were seen here and there above the fence of prickly pear, which grows to the height of some 10 ft. or 12 ft., forming an impenetrable barrier to every animal whose hide is not like vulcanised india-rubber. Soon after our visit the verdant scene was turned into one of utter desolation. Swarms of locusts devoured every green thing: notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the inhabitants of Jaffa to check it by means of lines of fire or deep trenches, this vast army marched on, devastating all before it, till it reached the sea-shore and perished there. Well may the poor Jews of Jerusalem, afflicted first by drought, then by a plague of locusts and consequent famine, and lastly by cholera, appealing to their European brethren, lift up their voices, and exclaim, "Then there came locusts which laid waste the land, so that the harvest of the field perished. And the famine was sore in the land; and we said, 'How shall we have strength to bear this grievous scourge?"

And now, woe unto us, there is death. The corpses of the dead lie in the street unburied, and the living flee on every side.' ”

At the end of the garden district we halted at a well adjoining a small but picturesque mosque, for a grateful draught of water offered to us by an Arab woman, for the consideration of a *baksheesh*. All the principal roads in Eastern countries are dotted with wells or tombs erected by pious Mussulmans. The parching rays of the sun make water here the chief necessary of life, and therefore the prime object of desire. Hence Mohammed, knowing the force of association, not only enjoined the use of it in every act of religious worship, but represented it as one of the principal sources of delight in his sensual paradise. The righteous were to be refreshed before entering by drinking at the Prophet's pond, which was “an exact square of a month's journey in compass,” and the Jannat Aden, or Garden of Eden, was to abound with rivers and fountains whose pebbles were rubies and emeralds. So we owed our refreshing draught, and probably many others, to some “hadji's” recollection of the well Zem-Zem at Mecca, or to his aspiration after the waters of Paradise.

Our road for the next two hours lay through a cultivated plain, bordered on the right by rising ground, upon which stood at intervals guard-houses for the protection of travellers. The sun set be-

fore we reached that much-frequented abode of hospitality, the Latin Convent at Ramleh.

After a hearty supper, we were shown into the room, or rather cell, where we were to take up our quarters for the night. It was a square chamber, arched, and lighted by a single window, and into it were crammed four antediluvian four-posters, so close to one another as almost to touch. As the serving brother who accompanied us shut us in, our thoughts, excited no doubt by the antiquity of the beds, reverted to the thousands upon thousands of pilgrims, clean and unclean, who had fed in the refectory and had been fed upon here. The contemporaries of our great grandfathers certainly had occupied these beds. Had the learned Dr. Clarke? Had the observant Le Brun? Had the venerable Pococke? Had the enterprising Maundrell? Had the Lion-hearted Richard himself sought repose in this very cell, beneath these venerable hangings? Any sort of bed offers an attraction to a weary traveller, and a four-poster is especially inviting to him. But when there are four such in a small room, one is apt, before closing one's eyes in slumber, to wish for a larger room, more air, and fewer companions. We should not wish to be thought ungrateful to our entertainers if we suggest that, in these days of the hotel-building mania, the erection here at Jaffa and at Jerusalem of very plain hotels, with about twenty bedrooms, with arched

ceilings and cement floors, entered from an open corridor, would prove a profitable investment. The furniture should be of the simplest kind,—an iron bedstead, deal table and chairs, a good English wash-stand, and one or two strips of carpet would be all that the passing traveller would require. The expenditure of £1,000 or £2,000 would be sufficient to build, furnish, and start each of these establishments in a country where labour is cheap; and at certain seasons of the year the houses would be full every night. Nor would the worthy monks be injured, for a little opposition in this country, where things have been *in statu quo* for centuries, is a wholesome thing, and it would tend to make them furnish more comfortable quarters for those travellers who would still visit them.

We saw Ramleh only by the light of the waning moon, a little before dawn, while our baggage was being packed on mule-back. We saw a straggling village, built on sandy soil, amongst patches of foliage, with sundry remains of its former greatness in its towers and mosques. One of these was a church built by the Crusaders. In the dim morning light it appeared to be good twelfth-century work; but the early Arab style has so many features resembling First Pointed, that sometimes it is difficult to distinguish the difference between them from a distance. In proof of this we may mention that a large tower here, built by the Mahometans in

A.D. 1310, until lately was supposed by many to be a structure of Christian times, and went by the name of the Tower of the Forty Martyrs. One of the minarets of the Mosque of Damascus, parts of the Mosque El Aksa, the pulpit of the Haram, and many parts, especially the windows, of some of the mosques of Cairo, bear this resemblance to good thirteenth-century work, or more frequently to the bastard Gothic so fashionable in the present day, which is supposed by most people to be a revival of thirteenth-century architecture. On the other hand, many Christian edifices have been falsely attributed to Mahometan builders; as, for instance, the octagonal Mosque of the Ascension, on the summit of the Mount of Olives.

From Ramleh the country is flat for two hours' journey. The road then enters a ravine, and passes up the bed of a winter torrent, full of boulders, which it is no one's business to remove. It then ascends the first range of the hill country, and after sundry steep ascents and descents, brings us in sight of the village of Abou Gosh, an Arab scheik who until lately levied black mail on all pilgrims not strong enough to resist him. We look upon the Bedaween as robbers, and consider their tax upon travellers a theft. But they are not much worse than those knights of Mediæval times who extorted a toll from all who passed through their territory. Like them, the Arabs consider themselves aggrieved

by those who travel through their district without first paying for the privilege. Abou Gosh's people are now peaceable enough ; and seeing that we were desirous of inspecting a building which bore marks of Christian origin, but was used as a stable, invited us to enter. We found it to be a perfect twelfth-century church, divided into nave and aisles by four pointed arches on each side, springing from plain square piers, with mouldings in the place of capitals ; both nave and aisles were groined without ribs. There was a plain lancet window in each bay and in the clerestory, and at the east end the nave and aisles terminated in shallow apses, which were not visible on the exterior, the wall being flush. The door was in the second bay on the north side. The walls of the aisles and the apses had many traces of frescoes. Should the projected railway to Jerusalem ever be accomplished, and should there be a station at Abou Gosh, it is to be hoped that some liberally-disposed Christian will restore this church. There will not be much work for an architect, as all necessary to make the building fit for worship is to glaze the windows, repair the roof, and restore the doorway. The shallow apse here seen is peculiar to the churches of Palestine ; it is found in the neighbouring church of Lydda, at Djebail, and in other places. It might be well used in town churches where there is little available space, though it would probably shock those

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Mediævalists who think there should be no church built without a deep chancel visible externally.

From the village, which lies in a hollow, we passed through many vineyards, and ascended a second mountain, from which we gained a momentary but glorious view of the plain through which we had lately passed, of Joppa, white and glistening in the distance, with a background of deep-blue sea. Then another valley full of foliage, showing what can be done when there is water and earth enough; then another range of stony mountains, more barren than those which we had previously traversed; but as yet no view of Jerusalem. At last, upon gaining the highest point, we have before us the sight which gladdened the eyes of the Crusaders of old. We are puzzled and perplexed: there are, apparently, two cities; the one represented by a line of grey walls and nothing more, no towers, no minarets visible, nor showing any signs of being inhabited,—not below us, but almost on our level; and in front of it the other, also enclosed by a wall, containing a church and numerous smaller buildings swarming with carpenters, masons, and other workmen. We turn to our guide, the son of an hotel-keeper who had joined us on the way, and ask the meaning of it. "This is the new Jerusalem," he replies, "building by the Emperor of Russia, a fifth the size of the old city; it has a large church, an immense convent,

and houses for the reception of the thousands of Greek pilgrims who resort here every Easter." So our first view of the Holy City was disquieting, and on the whole disappointing, for the view from the Jaffa road is perhaps the least interesting of any that can be obtained of Jerusalem. We see nothing but the outer wall and a few poor cafés that stand outside the gate.

Passing through the arched gateway, we emerge upon an open space, and the first thing that attracts us is the Anglican church and Bishop's house adjoining, built in that style of Perpendicular which prevailed in England forty years ago. Next we notice the citadel and Tower of David on our right; and on our left some ironmongers' and stationers' shops, which might belong to a provincial town in Germany as far as the character of the architecture goes. Slipping at every step over the uneven pavement, our horses carry us down a street leading to the bazaars; then, turning to the right, deposit their loads at the foot of the steps leading to an hotel in the street of the Holy Sepulchre. This hotel, which is kept by a converted Jew, is perhaps the best in the city. One side of it looks upon the Pool of Hezekiah, an oblong reservoir, surrounded by houses, the inhabitants of which obtain their supply of water from it by means of buckets let down by a rope. At the time of our visit the water was low, dark green in colour, and altogether very

uninviting. Jerusalem might be kept well supplied by water if common care were used in its preservation, for under most of the larger houses there is a cistern. And, again, there are the immense reservoirs of former times, which might be restored to their former purposes. The Pool of Bethesda might be cleared out and rebuilt; and the walls of the conduit of the upper and lower pools just outside the walls, in the valley near the Jaffa Gate, might be repaired and lined with cement. Indeed, the whole city might be made to overflow with water. When we were there, there had been no rain for months: the supply of water had been neglected: it became low and impure; consequently fever, which commonly rises from the use of bad water, was rife, and there were complaints in every mouth. The Pool of Siloam alone continued to afford the inhabitants a good supply from its gushing source,—the fountain of the Virgin,—and in its neighbourhood—the King's Garden—alone was visible that verdant freshness which is a sign of the proximity of water.

IV.

THE HOLY CITY.

JERUSALEM (the heritage of peace) has, since the time when King David stormed the stronghold of the Jebusites, and founded there his capital, been the scene of the most sanguinary warfare and of the most terrible massacres the world has ever witnessed. Not to speak of the ravages of the Egyptians, the Philistines, and the Assyrians—the Romans, under Titus, destroyed, during the siege, more than one million Jews within and around the city walls. The Arabs then had their turn, and afterwards the Crusaders, who slew there 70,000 Moslems in one week; again, the Mahometans fought for and conquered El Khuds (the holy), whence they believe the Prophet ascended through the Seven Heavens, as related in the 17th chapter of the Koran, entitled the “Night Journey.”

Even in our own day, the holy places of Jerusalem, and of the neighbouring village of Bethlehem, afforded a pretext for the bloodiest contest of modern times, which fertilized the Crimean plain with the best blood of England, France, Russia, and Italy, and paralysed the minds of great statesmen, rendering them impotent for future good. What a

mournful picture of the results of religious bigotry does all this present to the Christian philanthropist and philosopher !

From causes similar to those which produced such direful effects, arose the wordy war that is now going on around us regarding the exact site of the holy places. The battle is still raging between Ferguson, De Vogüé, and others, about the position of Mount Calvary, and of the sepulchre of Our Lord. How each chief combatant crows when he discovers the weak points of his adversary ! How each minor combatant chuckles when he thinks he has produced a new fact for the consideration of the archæological world ! At last, however, we have hopes of a truce ; for a society has been established, composed of men of every shade of opinion and religious belief, for the purpose of investigating these matters thoroughly, by sending out an expedition of competent persons to explore, excavate, measure, draw, photograph, or in any other way obtain the information which is necessary to solve these doubts and end these discussions. So we must all be prepared to accept the truths which these efforts will bring to light ; and, if necessary, to surrender our most dearly-cherished belief in the authenticity of all that has been said or written upon the subject previously. This would be a hard task for some, no doubt. It would be hard for the pious Russian who has journeyed from the region

of Siberian snows, enduring privation in every form, for the privilege of visiting the holy tomb, of sleeping all Easter eve within the Rotunda in order that he might be one of the first to light his taper at the miraculous flame (unsuspicious of the agency of lucifer matches), to find that his pilgrimage was in vain, and that he was in the wrong spot altogether.

It would be hard to the Romanist who has gone the circuit of all the holy places, under the guidance of a monk, and has received a certificate setting forth that he went the appointed round, to find that his certificate is false and only so much waste paper.

It would be hard, also, though in a slighter degree, to the untravelled Christian, who has formed a tolerable idea of the appearance of the surroundings and belongings of the Holy Sepulchre, from photographs, drawings, and panoramas, to find that his treasured ideal picture is but a dissolving view; that it disappears while he contemplates it, and somehow leaves him in a muddle, and uncertain about his bearings. To all of these, we repeat, it would be hard to give up the long-entertained conviction that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was what its name imported, and to be compelled to own that it was in some entirely different locality. It would be a painful wrench, as bad as the pulling out of an eye-tooth; but still, if

necessary, it must be borne, for " Truth is great and must prevail."

Pending the results of these investigations, we shall not hazard theories of our own upon the subject, but simply note what came under observation during our walks in and about the city of Jerusalem; and, as the true names of places are still in doubt, we shall, for the sake of avoiding prolixity in description, prefer to call places by their old-world names.

After what we have said about the wars that have been carried on, and the disputes that are now raging about Jerusalem, and more especially about the Holy Sepulchre, which is the kernel of the nut, our readers will be as much surprised to hear as we were to see, upon going to the terraced house-top early in the morning after our arrival (we always find it the best plan to endeavour to gain a general view of any town that is new to us as soon as possible, in order to lay down the bearings of any place we wish to see), that there was a great gap in the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Many square yards of lead were wanting, the timbers were visible; and, whenever it rained, the water must have sapped the walls and poured into the building itself; and yet there were dwelling in Jerusalem dignitaries of all the Churches, who were squabbling, writing, and almost cursing one another, in order to obtain a footing in this self-same build-

ing, which they naturally considered the most sacred of any. We asked for an explanation, and were told in reply that France wished to repair it; Russia wished to repair it; England was, of course, indifferent; but the Sultan was anxious to have a finger in the pie, and the Christian Powers were unwilling that the infidel should participate, and thus have a further lien upon the sacred edifice: so between the three it was allowed to fall into a state of dilapidation which, if it occurred in a public building in England, would excite the interference of that despotic power, the police under the Building Act. We cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but the plain frightful fact was before us—typical, we afterwards had occasion to remark, of the anarchy produced in Jerusalem by strong prejudices. Fanatics of every faith abound. Jealousies, scandals, quarrels, and fights, even in the Holy Sepulchre itself (on the occasion of the lighting of the sacred fire in 1834, four hundred people were killed within the Rotunda), result from them, and profane the holy pile,—ay, and will continue to do so until men learn that Charity is the elder sister of Faith.

From the top of our hotel we saw to our left the dome of the rotunda of the church, which is flat-sided. Next to it, the old Campanile, now disused,—for the Turks will not tolerate the sound of bells—and beyond it a smaller dome, which stands over

the choir. In front of us were the flat-topped houses forming our street; and over them was a large space of waste ground, formerly belonging to the Hospital of St. John, a foundation of the Crusaders, and now, we believe, ceded to the French—(why do they not build upon it?). In the distance was the green cupola of the Dome of the Rock, always the most imposing feature in a view of Jerusalem. The background was formed by the Mount of Olives, crowned by the Mosque of the Ascension. Behind us was the Pool of Hezekiah, black and stagnant, and surrounded by houses.

Before proceeding, it would be well to give our readers a general idea of the form and position of the city. Many of them, no doubt, are acquainted with the plan of it; but those who are not may gain a tolerable notion of it in the rough by drawing a lozenge on a sheet of paper, point uppermost, and then sub-dividing it into four smaller lozenges by lines drawn from the centre of each side. Let them write upon the uppermost or northern division, Bezetha; on the southern, Zion; on the east, Moriah; and on the west, Acra. These will represent the four parts, formerly mountains, into which the city is divided within the walls. Bezetha is the Mahometan quarter; at its west angle is the Damascus Gate; at its east the Gate of St. Stephen. Acra is the Frank quarter; in it stands the Holy Sepulchre. Zion is the Armenian and Jewish

quarter ; and at its west corner is the Jaffa Gate. Moriah is occupied almost exclusively by the Haram-es-Sherif—the site of the Temple ; and is separated from Zion by the Tyropœan valley, which is represented by the dividing line, and which terminates in the Dung Gate, now closed. The Golden Gate, in the centre of the side of Moriah, is also closed ; but there is an open gate in the middle of the south-west side of Zion.

Jerusalem is not a regular lozenge in form, but a Trapezium, with the west and east sides longer than the others ; nor does the point stand due north, but rather to the east. Still, the sketch we have suggested will convey a better idea of its form than any simple written description.

The city lies on the side of a mountain, sloping gradually towards the south-east, and is surrounded by valleys on all sides but the north-east—that of Jehoshaphat being on the east ; that of Hinnom on the south ; that of Gihon, which is shallow, on the west ; beyond there are high mountains. Thus a traveller coming from Jaffa, when crossing the ridge of the mountains, sees little but the outer walls ; whereas, from the summit of the Mount of Olives, on the east, he has a splendid panorama of the entire city.

The general character of the country around is arid, stony, and barren ; here and there a little grass is to be seen, and in the valleys and on the slopes of

the mountains there are a few olive-trees ; otherwise all is burnt up, and of a brown colour. Of all representations of the character of the scenery, Seddon's picture, in the South Kensington Museum, is the best, the most faithful and conscientious. The colouring is here true to nature ; but it appears to have been painted early in the year, when vegetation was green : we saw it in October, when it was the colour of hay. Roberts sacrificed truth for the sake of effect, by making the valleys too deep and the rocks around too precipitous. His views of the city are very charming, but they are of an idealised character.

Our first impressions were, we suppose, similar to those of most travellers. We were struck with the insignificance of what was the royal city of David and Solomon, as compared with our modern towns ; with the paucity of fine buildings ; with the squalor of the inhabitants ; with the crowded state of some parts of the town ; the Jewish quarter, for instance, contrasted with the great quantity of waste land in the Mahometan quarter, and in proximity to the walls ; and with the heaps of dirt, dust, and ashes, which abound on every side. No wonder that parts of the Tyropœan valley and other natural hollows have disappeared. There are but four practicable gates in the walls, and the inhabitants, rather than take the trouble to carry rubbish through them by a circuitous route, throw it into the nearest hollow.

We believe that most of the modern houses are reared upon dust-heaps, and that deep excavations would reveal much concealed by this accumulation of ages, especially in those places where there have been valleys.

There are but three chief thoroughfares in the city, and these are constantly crowded with shrieking Arabs, grave Turks, greasy Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and Copts, in variously-coloured dresses, the effect of which is toned down here and there by a European in sober black. One street leads from the Jaffa Gate to the Haram, and may be represented by the line drawn on our lozenge, except that it does not reach the corner, but the middle, of Mount Moriah. A second leads from the Damascus Gate, with one or two turns to the Gate of Zion. A third leads from St. Stephen's Gate to the Holy Sepulchre, and is called the Via Dolorosa, as it is reputed to be that by which our Saviour was led from Pilate's Hall to Mount Calvary. There are many other smaller streets and lanes, dark and gloomy from being partly arched over, leading nowhere, or ending in the city walls. Along one of the former, which may be considered part of the chief thoroughfare, we walked to the great centre of attraction, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Turning to the left when we quitted our hotel, and then again to our right at a distance of a few hundred yards, we reached the narrow street of the

Palmers, which flanks the south side of the church. Passing down this to the east amidst the booths of those who sold candles, beads, relics, and such like commodities to the pilgrims, we soon reached a square flagged area in front of the south entrance. Before us rose the façade, which has been so often engraved and described. Two fine pointed arches, each of several orders of mouldings, spring from verde-antique columns with richly-carved capitals. These form doorways, and have lintels and tympana, with sculpture. The easternmost of these is blocked up. Above there is a richly-foliated string-course, and above that are similar arcades inclosing windows. The whole is as fine a façade of French Gothic of the latter part of the twelfth century as one could wish to see. Adjoining, forming the west boundary of the area, is a campanile of three stages, also in good style. Bases of columns existing on the south side of this area show that formerly there was a porch or atrium here. On entering the church our attention is arrested by a group of Turkish cavasses, who levy a tax of a few piastres upon pilgrims entering the church. The church is actually the property of Mussulmans, who are paid, as a Franciscan monk informed us, every time it is opened for service by the community (whether Latin, Greek, Armenian, or Coptic, whichever wishes to celebrate), and who also must receive considerable sums from pilgrims, as there are sometimes no less

than 30,000 in the city during Holy Week. Whether this money goes into the treasury of the Government, or whether some of it goes to the Christian patriarchs, we cannot say. It seemed strange to us that the sepulchre of our Lord should be guarded by unbelievers.

In order to a clear comprehension of the plan of the building, let us imagine the transepts and circular apse of a French twelfth-century church, with a dome over the crossing, a choir carried to the western bay of the cross; and beyond it a sanctuary, both of them separated by walls from the transepts and circumambulatory; three radiating chapels in the large apse, a lady-chapel at the south-east corner, tacked on to a circular nave. The choir and sanctuary belong to the Greeks; they have also chapels in the south transept and in the Rotunda. The Armenians have the lady-chapel, in reality that of St. Helena; but the Latins are left "out in the cold" on the north side, where there are no holy sites; they, however, share the chapel of Calvary with the Greeks. The Rotunda is common to all, though we believe the Eastern Churches alone have the right of celebrating in it.

Would that the building were more like what it was originally! but unfortunately, after the fire of 1808, it was rebuilt and beautified by a Greek architect, who cased the columns of the Rotunda, rebuilt the central chapel in bad taste, and other-

wise altered and disfigured the interior of the church, so that but little pure Gothic is visible. Le Brun gives a large view of the interior in its former state, which in every point confirms M. De Vogüé's restoration. Within this building are crowded most of the spots which were the scenes of our Saviour's passion. We shall content ourselves with enumerating them. On our right on entering the church—that is, on the south transept—there are two staircases of eighteen steps, leading up to the chapel of Mount Calvary. The floor of this is without doubt founded on a rock; in one place may be seen the hole in which it is stated the foot of the cross was placed, and near it the rent that opened at the Crucifixion. In the transept near to the choir is the Stone of Unction.

In the thickness of the wall of the Rotunda are the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. Near the Latin chapel, on the north, is the spot where Christ appeared to St. Mary Magdalene. The chapels in the circumambulatory mark the place where our Saviour was stripped and crowned with thorns. There is no occasion for us to remark how many of these sites appear apocryphal to us, or the reverse, especially at a time when the authenticity of the whole is called in question.

The Chapel of St. Helena is the most interesting for its architecture. Its floor is 16 ft. below the level of the church, and is reached by a flight of

twenty-eight steps. It is square in plan, and has a central dome resting upon four pointed arches, which spring from as many columns with large capitals. The lower part of the bell of each capital is of basket-work. There is a row of acanthus leaves above, and the abacus has a classical character. The capitals are altogether Byzantine, but the pointed arches are twelfth-century work; so we are naturally led to conclude that the chapel was rebuilt at the last-mentioned period, and that capitals of an earlier building were used. At the south-east corner another flight of steps leads down to a smaller chapel in a cave in the rock, in which it is said that the true cross was found by St. Helena.

Beyond the Chapel of St. Helena there is little to remark in the building. The Rotunda is in a nondescript style of architecture. The Greek choir is rich in decoration, and has a magnificent iconostasis. The Franciscan chapel is quite a modern structure, or, at all events, bears no marks of great age. There are many dependencies of both the Greek and Latin convents attached to the north and south sides of the church, but in none of them did we notice any architectural peculiarities.

Upon quitting the church, and proceeding eastward through the street of the Palmers, we perceive on our right-hand a fine Norman arch, with a label adorned with sculpture representing the months of

the year. Within this arch have been two small arches forming the doorway of the Hospital of St. John, a sort of xenodochium or khan established by the Crusaders. It is now entirely destroyed, and its ruins occupy that plot of waste land which we saw from our hotel.

At the corner are the remains of the Church of St. Mary the Great, and upon the opposite side of the street those of another church, St. Mary Latin. These three edifices, as well as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, have been fine specimens of twelfth-century Pointed architecture. What astonishes most is to find so many traces of the Crusaders and so many fragments of really good Gothic. In addition to the three buildings above-mentioned, there are the Church of St. Anne, almost entire, that of St. Mary Magdalene, the Tomb of the Virgin Mary, and the Church of the Ascension. Besides these, the names of ten or twelve more churches are known, the sites of which have not been identified.

Having passed the church on our left hand, we turn southwards, pass the east end of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; then again go a few yards to the west, and, ascending a flight of steps on our left, reach a platform, on which are several detached cells,—we cannot call them houses,—inhabited by black men, who, from their beardless faces and long blue robes, look like Arab women.

These are the Copts and Abyssinian monks, and this is their convent. In the centre of the platform rises a dome. We find, upon looking into it, it is that of St. Helena's Chapel, and that we are standing actually upon the roof of that chapel ; for its floor, be it remembered, is 16 ft. below the level of the ground, and we are some 10 ft. or more above. The black monks take us to their chapel and show us every civility. They seem miserably poor. They get no live beef-steaks and such-like luxuries here, but live in a state of indigence, and are barely tolerated by their fellow-Christians. These black monks were at one time under British protection. This protection was afterwards withdrawn, and they had to trudge back to their own country, where they excited the animosity of King Theodore against us. This led to the imprisonment of our Consul and missionaries, alienated from us the members of the Coptic Church—which, though it possesses but a barbarous form of Christianity, flourished when our ancestors worshipped Thor and Woden—and eventually tended to bring about the Abyssinian War.

Proceeding due east from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, by a street which descends till it crosses the main thoroughfare from the Damascus Gate, we find ourselves in the Via Dolorosa, and discover the spots where Jesus Christ is believed to have fallen under the burden of His cross, marked by columns ;

the house of St. Veronica ; that of the wandering Jew ; the place where Simon of Cyrene helped to bear the cross ; the chapel standing where the Virgin Mary fainted ; the arch of the Ecce Homo, part of which is Roman work ; and, lastly, the palace of Pilate, which adjoins the north side of the Haram. Here, seeing a street on our right, terminating in an inviting open space, with trees in it, we turned into it, but were soon startled from our meditations by the apparition of an infuriated Mussulman at the further end of it, who, by threats and violent gestures, signified to us that we must turn back, and we found that we had been strolling towards the sacred enclosure of the Haram, which none must approach except in the company of a Consular cavasse, prepared to smooth the path by a liberal *baksheesh* : so we consoled ourselves by visiting the ruined Pool of Bethesda, near St. Stephen's Gate, and looking at the Church of St. Anne, which stands opposite. The Pool is a cistern in the form of a parallelogram, about 300 ft. in length by 120 ft. in breadth, and about 60 ft. in depth. It is now half-filled with rubbish from the crumbling walls around it. It lies along the north wall of the Haram.

The Church of St. Anne, which has been ceded to the French, stands a short distance from the road, on the other side ; it has nave, aisle, four bays, groined roofs, a low dome over the fourth bay,

and three semi-octagonal absides. It is, as well as the other Pointed buildings in Jerusalem, thoroughly illustrated by De Vogüé. Why it is still disused, and allowed to remain in a state of neglect, we cannot imagine.

V.

THE BUILDINGS ON MOUNT MORIAH.

WE were informed that, in order to see the noble enclosure of Mount Moriah,—which embraces the site of the Temple of Solomon, and contains the Dome of the Rock, the Mosque el Aksah, and the Golden Gate,—we must make application to our Consul the day before that of our intended visit, in order that he might give notice to the Scheik of the Mosque to clear the Court of the Haram of all devout dervishes, Bokharian pilgrims, and all such fanatical individuals, lest any of the half-crazy creatures, scandalised at the profanation of their holy place by the foot of the infidel, should run amuck at the party of visitors, or manifest their zeal by in any way molesting or reviling them.

Fifty years ago it would have been death, and twenty years ago it would have been dangerous, for a Christian to be found within the precincts of the mosque. It is a sign of brighter times that an Englishman can now enter even the most holy places in the East,—as Mr. Fergusson entered the mosque at Hebron,—through the intervention of his Consul and by a judicious use of the golden key. We accordingly went to consult our Consul, who

considerately gave us information about the mode of proceeding, the amount of *baksheesh* to be distributed, and its proper division between the scheik or the mollahs, and the bekjees or police of the Haram; and arranged that his dragoman should call at our hotel on the following morning to conduct us to the mosque.

We started at an early hour. Our road lay through the deserted streets which skirted the sacred enclosure. Entering through a gate at the north-west corner, we found ourselves in an oblong area, extending from north to south about 1,500 ft., and from east to west about 1,000 ft. The boundaries on the north and west sides were formed chiefly by the pasha's palace and other houses; on the east by a long line of wall, above which was seen the Mount of Olives; and on the south chiefly by the Mosque el Aksah and its adjuncts. Near the centre was a flagged platform, about 500 ft. square, raised some 5 ft. or 6 ft. above the general level of the ground, and approached by steps at the sides. In the middle of the platform rose the octagonal Mosque Es Sakhrah, or the Dome of the Rock.

Beyond the edge of the platform the ground is covered with turf or gravel, through which the rock may be seen cropping up. The enclosure boasts a few trees, chiefly cypress, none of them remarkable for their size. Here and there are placed small *koubbets*, or places of prayer, usually tenanted by

devotees. Two mollahs, sallow of complexion, with short-cut beards, and wearing green turbans, to signify their descent from the Prophet, met us at the gate, whence they at once conducted us to the steps leading to the platform. Here we all had to take off our shoes; and as no slippers were allowed, our progress hence was, owing to the numerous small pebbles, worse than a pilgrimage to Loretto with peas unboiled, especially to the two ladies of our party; and we were all thankful to reach the smoother pavement of the mosque.

The exterior of the building presents no very striking architectural features, as the details are on a small scale. Four sides of the octagon have doorways in them; the other four have seven windows each. A low sloping roof runs all round, and from the centre springs the dome, which is so conspicuous a feature in all views of the Holy City. The exterior is inlaid with tiles, covered with rich patterns, in which purple and green are the prevailing colours. These, together with the copper-covered dome, impart to the entire building, when seen from a distance, that peculiar bluish green colour resembling the "patin" on a bronze or coin, which characterises the edifice.

As soon as the threshold is passed, the "*motif*" and object of the building become evident, in a huge mass of rough rock, which occupies the entire space beneath the dome. This irregular lump of

stone, which stands 4 ft. or 5 ft. above the level of the pavement, is manifestly the jewel over which this exquisitely beautiful case has been constructed, for the purpose of preserving it, and hiding it from profane gaze. This rock and the double passage or aisle round it, in fact, occupy the whole of the interior of the mosque. The dome, which is 65 ft. in diameter, and of a stilted form, is supported by four massive piers and twelve intervening columns. A railing, elaborately painted and gilt, placed between these columns, guards the holy rock.

Between this row and the outer wall there is a second row of eight piers and sixteen columns (two between two piers), which support arches, either semicircular or almost imperceptibly pointed, and wall above, upon which rest the timbers of the roof. The columns, which are of verde-antique and other rich marbles, stand upon plinths, and have capitals like Corinthian, with architrave blocks, upon which rest beams moulded in imitation of a classical frieze and cornice. These beams extend from pier to pier, tying the arches together at their springing. The soffits of the arches and the interior of the dome are adorned with rich mosaic work. The woodwork in the aisles is elaborately painted; the windows are filled with the jewel-like glass, in small pieces, peculiar to Eastern buildings. All this colour, together with that of the draperies of intricate pattern, which hang over the holy rock,

gives the interior that richness for which this building is unsurpassed. Universal testimony proclaims this to be for colour the finest interior in the world. While conducting us hurriedly round the rock our guides showed us a rude indentation on the upper surface of the rock, which they said was the impression of the footstep of the Lord Eessa (Jesus Christ).

At the south-east corner of the rock there is a small door which leads, by a flight of steps, into a cavern beneath the rock, measuring about 30 ft. by 20 ft. This cave has a small opening at the top. At the sides of it there are elegant niches pointed out by the mollahs as the praying places of Abraham, Solomon, David, and St. George,—quite a Catholic assemblage. Their prophet was accustomed to sustain the rock above the cave upon his shoulders during his devotions. This rock the Moslem believes, contrary to the evidence of his senses, to be suspended in the air over the entrance to the infernal regions.

Beneath this first cave is a second, which has subterranean passages connected with it, one of which leads to the Pool of Siloam, and others conduct into rock-cut cisterns.

It is about this rock and the surrounding building that the great controversy is raging. One party affirms that the rock is the original thrashing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, and the site of the

altar of the Temple; and that the caverns and passages beneath it were for the reception and conveyance of the blood of the victims to the King's Gardens, near the Pool of Siloam.

Others assert that the Temple could never have covered this spot. Mr. Fergusson, who is the originator of this opinion, and the representative of the party who maintain it, has clearly explained his views in his lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. He divided his evidence into historical and architectural, and endeavoured to show that the Temple, as rebuilt by Herod, occupied only a square of 602 ft. at the south-west angle of the enclosure, and that consequently the rock was some 160 ft. from the outer wall of the Temple. He stated that the character of the outer row of columns, with the architrave blocks and cornice, is of about the period of Constantine, and that therefore it may reasonably be alleged that the Dome of the Rock is the Anastasis which Constantine raised over the spot which he believed to be the sepulchre of Christ. The extracts from the writings of early travellers which he gave are apparently confirmatory of his opinions. In support of both these views architectural evidence is adduced; but, to settle the question beyond dispute, we consider that further information is required, such as correct drawings of the columns in the Dome of the Rock, for there is considerable difference between Arundale's, De

Vogüé's and Conder's drawings of the capitals;—the last mentioned are probably the most correct;—profiles and elevations of the cornice, carved on the beam above; an elevation of the west wall of the subterranean chamber adjoining El Aksah; a plan of section of the Golden Gate, besides various sections through the Haram, showing the nature of the ground, and where the rock terminates. All these we hope the Palestine Exploring Expedition will be enabled to supply; and until that is the case, we prudently reserve our own opinions upon this momentous question.

What is certain about the mosque is that, in the time of the Crusaders, it was a church known as *Templum Domini*, and that it gave a title to the most renowned order of Knights that has ever existed, the Knights Templars. Mandeville says of it:—"That is a fair house, and it is all round and right high, and covered with lead; and it is well paved with white marble. The Saracens will suffer no Christians nor Jews to come therein, but I was suffered to go in, for I had letters of the Soldan. And in this *Templum Domini* were wont to be canons regular and an abbot."

On the east side of the Dome of the Rock is a smaller edifice, called the *Koubbet el Berareh*, or Dome of the Judgment, as it is believed that here will be suspended the balance when the Judgment

shall take place in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is entirely a Mahometan structure.

At the southern extremity of the platform is another praying-place, or more probably a preaching-place, as it consists of an elegant *mimber* or pulpit, which, if it were found elsewhere, might almost pass for Gothic of the best period. In the neighbourhood of the pulpit there are several cypress and olive trees, forming a sort of avenue, which leads up to an arcade of seven pointed arches, forming the north portal of the Mosque El Aksah. The three in the centre are the work of the Crusaders, as they have Gothic mouldings. Those at the sides are probably imitations of the Moslem period.

This building, as it at present stands, has all the appearance of having been erected for a mosque, since it has seven divisions running longitudinally from north to south, or, as we should say if speaking of a church, a nave and six aisles; and we know of no ecclesiastical edifice built on such a plan. Again, the monolithic marble columns and piers which form these divisions, though they have for the most part basketwork capitals of Byzantine workmanship, are surmounted by stilted Saracenic arches. In its length there are seven bays, terminated by a sort of crossing, over the central part of which there is a dome. Though the numerous columns, piers, and arches give a degree of intricacy to the interior, it has on the whole a bald effect for want of mosaic

and other wall decoration. This is especially striking after coming into it direct from the glowing Koubbet es Sakhrah. Our guides took us to a spot in the crossing where two columns stand near to one another, and requested us to pass between them, telling us that the virtuous only can effect a passage, but that the wicked stuck fast in the middle. This ordeal, like the St. Wilfrid's Needle in Ripon Minster, and, if we recollect rightly, a similar passage in Carcassonne Cathedral, would seem to prove that fatness is synonymous with vice, and leanness with virtue. Thus, that fat was an evil would appear to have been a doctrine long before the time of the teaching of Banting. As the columns are in places worn into concavities by the frequent passage of anxious obese believers, we contrived, by judicious management, to pass through safely, and thus clear our characters in the eyes of the Moslem. The only part of the interior which we noticed in our cursory survey as presenting marks of the occupation of the Crusaders who used this building as a residence, was a gable in the east side, which had a wheel window, apparently the work of Christian builders.

This window is a large quatrefoil, with smaller intervening foliations. The quatrefoils spring from colonettes, which meet in the centre. Below this is a round arched window, of a single light, the inner arch of which is built of small stones. It is

slightly stilted, and rests upon shallow architraves, which surmount dwarf pilasters with rude capitals like Corinthian, and regular bases. The round window was unlike any Saracenic work we have ever seen. The lower window resembles Byzantine work, but it is possible that it may have been constructed by Arab masons with fragments from an older building.

Leaving the mosque by the north porch, we descended by a flight of steps to a subterranean passage, which runs the whole length of the building : parallel to it is a second similar passage, divided from the former by a row of piers and arches. Before reaching the end of the passage, which is formed by the southern wall of the Haram, the division ceases, and a chamber is left, almost square, having in the centre a monolithic column. The architecture of this part is so remarkable, that we give a detailed description of it, refreshing our memory by a rough sketch which we had an opportunity of making on the spot :—Four flat segmental arches, springing from a single central column, divide the roof of the chamber into four squares. Each of these arches has two sunk panels on the soffit. The one on the south side rests on a corbel in the outer wall of the Haram ; those on the west and north sides rest upon half-columns engaged in the wall. The columns and half-columns are, as far as we can recollect, about

12 ft. high, circular, and without bands. The column has a symmetrical bell-shaped capital, ornamented with long strips of foliage, like palm-leaves, placed side by side perpendicularly, and in low relief. Each of the four divisions thus formed was covered by a very flat domical vault, formed of two concentric rings of large stones, very carefully worked and jointed, with a circular key; the spandrels are enriched with radiating lines, in an escalop-shell pattern. There had been doorways in each of the southern divisions, opening on to Mount Ophel, as the narrow ridge lying between the Mount Moriah and Siloam was called. The position of the westernmost doorway is marked by two columns. Externally one-half of the other doorway is visible; it goes by the name of that of the Prophetess Hulda. Mr. Fergusson considers it to be the work of Julian, when he attempted to rebuild the temple, A.D. 363. This may be the date of the chamber and passages within, as the character of the work is earlier than that of the time of Justinian as exhibited in St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and at Salonica. Had they been erected in the time of Herod, the capital would doubtless have foliage more closely resembling the Corinthian, that being the order employed by him in the Stoa Basilica, which stood above the chamber.

While we were in the upper building, the two mollahs who acted as our guides had intimated

pretty plainly that they would like their *baksheesh* then and there. They did not delicately approach the subject by throwing out hints: a Turk generally asks for what he wants curtly, and sometimes peremptorily. They said, in short, "*Ver para*," which may be interpreted "Give us the farthings" (if the word "mite" represented a coin of appreciable sterling value, it might be used to render the word *para*, which is in reality the twentieth part of a penny). It is remarkable how, when men speak of money, they do so in a depreciatory manner. A Frenchman calls gold silver; we call it tin or brass, in vulgar parlance; a Turk calls it "mites." We naturally declined to pay our mite until we had seen the whole show; for, knowing well the duplicity of the Oriental character, we thought it probable that if we did so we should see nothing more.

When we were in the darkest part of the vaults their demand was repeated, and this time backed by the dragoman. This appeared to us so much like an attempt at intimidation, that one of our party, vexed at the pertinacity of the dragoman, seconded his refusal by a slight push; whereat that gentleman became exceedingly irate, and said that if the aggressor had not been a British subject, he would have excited the Turks against him. That we had acted prudently in refusing to accede to their request was subsequently manifested, for the

guides were about to take us to the Golden Gate without showing us the extensive vaults which occupy the whole south-east angle of the enclosure, and which we insisted upon seeing before paying our *baksheesh*.

The descent into the vaults is difficult. They are reached through an aperture in the roof by clambering down the wall, assisted by projecting stones and by shrubs growing in the crevices. We found that they consisted of a series of arcades running from north to south, supported by piers irregularly built of courses of large single stones, rebated at the edges. The vaults above the arches were barrel-shaped, and constructed of smaller stones. The passages thus formed appear to be about 20 ft. wide and 40 ft. high in the highest part; but the surface of the ground was very unequal: in some places there were immense heaps of rubbish, and in others pools of water. A careful examination of these vaults will be necessary in order to determine whether they are of Justinian's time or of an earlier period. They extend fully 300 ft. on the south side, and about half that distance towards the north in the longest part; on this side the boundary is very irregular, probably because it is formed by natural rock. If it were possible to cut through the western boundary wall, there would be no difficulty in ascertaining whether it really concealed the eastern boundary of the

Temple. A compartment of the vault at the south-east angle is walled off from the rest, and approached by a staircase. This is generally shown to visitors, as it contains a hollow stone which they are informed is the cradle of the Lord Eesa (Jesus).

We next proceeded to the Golden Gateway, which is situated in the east wall of the Haram, about three-quarters of its whole length from the south corner. It is in reality an oblong porch, divided down the middle by two Ionic columns of rude character, with Corinthian pilasters ranging with them at the sides, and half columns at the ends. (In plan both this gateway and that under the Aksah seem to have followed the colonnades of the Temple itself, which we are expressly told were double, that is to say, divided longitudinally by a row of columns. The aisle of the Dome of the Rock is also double.) From the columns spring segmental (not semicircular, as shown in Catherwood's drawing) arches. In the two eastern compartments are regular domes with pendentives; in the other, flat domical coverings, not unlike those under the Aksah. The bases of the columns stand upon plinths, and are rude imitations of the Attic base. Both the external faces of the gateway have pilasters at the side, with foliated caps resembling Corinthian, with elaborately enriched architraves carried in flat segments over the walled-up openings, and thus corresponding with the arched passages within. At

the north and south sides there are pilasters with capitals in the block, supporting architraves, which do not range with those on the front. Within the Haram the ground has risen on both sides, so as to bury the building to one-half its height. On the south side of the interior is a small arched doorway, reached by a few steps. The mollahs were particularly jealous of our approaching this doorway. The Mahometans believe that the city will one day be taken by a Christian conqueror, who will enter by this gateway, and the mere proximity of any Christian to it seems to rouse their bile. There is a tradition that this is the gate through which our Lord made His triumphal entrance into Jerusalem. Sir John Mandeville says, "In the vale of Jehoshaphat, without the city, is the church of St. Stephen, where he was stoned to death; and thereby is a gate builded that may not be opened. Through this gate our Lord entered on Palm Sunday upon an ass, and the gate opened unto Him when He would go to the Temple." Upon emerging into the open, we discovered the real reason why our mollahs had been anxious to pocket their mite at an early period, in the presence of the sheik of the mosque,—a fine old man who, as far as stature and commanding presence go, might have been own brother to the great Chang. This majestic grey-beard strode up to us, staff in hand; and, after saluting us with a *Saba el khair*—which means

Good morning, but which sounds like a preparation to expectorate—held out his hand for the gold which was his due. As the dragoman understood as well as we did the proper amounts to be distributed between the sheik and the bekjees, we left him to act as paymaster; but he, afraid probably to resist, allowed the great man to take the lion's share, *i.e.*, the whole. Now, we have an Englishman's natural horror of injustice, especially when it is perpetrated by a minister of religion, whether he wear the episcopal lawn, the plain cassock, or the green turban; so, mustering our best Turkish, we called after the sheik, who had walked off with his booty, and talked to him in a paternal manner about the impropriety of his conduct in defrauding the bekjees. After a while, he seemed to see the justice of our argument, and refunded; and we left the holy precinct congratulating ourselves upon the improved signs of the times. Whereas, a few years ago, no Christian dared venture within this holy place, now a Frank could actually call to account El sheik El Haram, and, what was more, induce him to give up his ill-gotten gains. We look upon it as the duty of every traveller to resist extortion, for the sake of his successors; and, in this case, our Consul's instructions were precise upon the subject. Our guides had evidently been accustomed to similar proceedings on the part of their superior, and had timed their demands accordingly.

Altogether, the day of our visit to the site of the Temple was one of the white days of our existence. This is, or ought to be, one of the most interesting spots in the world, when it is remembered that a careful investigation of the buildings on it—such is the advanced state of acquaintance with architecture evidence—will determine whether the whole Christian world has for ages been mistaken or not about the spots upon which the touching scenes in the great scheme of man's redemption were enacted. Who can be indifferent on such a matter, especially when he has the power of himself forming a judgment from these evidences? And who, being thus interested, can refuse help, to the utmost of his ability, in the furtherance of any project necessary to bring about such a desirable investigation?

VI.

A RIDE ROUND JERUSALEM.

ONE fine October morning the chaplain of the English church, who is something of an archæologist, and who espouses what is called the Protestant theory with regard to the Holy Sepulchre, proposed that we should join a party who were about to undertake a ride round the walls of the city. This kind offer we joyfully accepted; the more readily since, amongst the number of equestrians, there was a distinguished archæologist, who had published his views on the Holy sites, and also the chaplain of H.M.S. —, whose acquaintance we had made at Beyrout, and who had lately arrived from Jaffa with a party of middies and three sailors, the latter anxious to be baptized at Jerusalem, as they had never before been admitted into the fold of the Anglican Church. The middies and sailors accompanied us, so that we formed a numerous cavalcade, and also a merry one; for the jolly tars, being unaccustomed to “get on board” of a horse, found that, when doubled up by short Turkish stirrups, their “sea legs” were of no avail: so they rolled about in a “groggy” manner, especially when we got fairly “under way” in a brisk gallop; and the horses being equally unaccus-

tomed to be ridden in a seaman-like manner, or to be steered by means of the rudder, did their best to rid themselves of their unusual burdens. Thus the mutual efforts of horses and men to right one another added not a little to the general mirthfulness of the party, the sailors enjoying the fun most of all.

Going out through the Jaffa gate, we turned to the north, skirting the walls as far as the corner where stood the tower Psephinus. The exact position of this tower, which was so important a feature in the siege by Titus, is disputed. Within the walls at this point there are the crumbling ruins of an octagonal tower, built of stone and brickwork, intermingled. It is just possible that this may have been the lofty Psephinus, from the summit of which the besieger looked down upon the besieged city beneath him.

Passing between the Old and New Jerusalem at the north-west corner, we continued to follow the line of the Damascus Gate, which is the most ornamented of any in the city. It consists of a wide entrance, surmounted by a flat arch, relieved by a pointed arch above, between two flanking towers. All that is visible is of Saracenic workmanship. The gate was rebuilt in 1542, and is surmounted by battlements of the unpleasing form common to buildings of that style and period. The foundations are, however, of a much earlier period, and go far to prove that the present was the original line of wall. At this point we diverged to the north, passing

amidst a grove of olive-trees—which spring out of the otherwise barren soil, on the north side of the city—in the direction of the tombs of the kings. These sepulchres might easily be passed without being observed, as they are situated at the bottom of a sort of quarry. They are about three-quarters of a mile from the gate. Upon descending into the quarry, which is really a square chamber cut regularly into the rock, an opening of considerable width is seen in the west face. It is decorated by a Roman Doric cornice and frieze. There were formerly two columns, evidently for ornament and not for support, beneath this entablature, but they have long since disappeared. The maiden-hair fern grows in great luxuriance on the face of the rock, wreathing the sculpture, breaking the long straight line of the cornice, and thereby adding to the picturesque beauty of the spot.

On entering we found ourselves in a chamber 39 ft. by 18 ft., and from it we entered other smaller chambers, with *loculi* and stone benches for the reception of bodies. The entrance was closed by a stone, which was *rolled* into its place, in a simple ingenious manner.

Le Brun, who was here in 1695, gives the following description of the tombs:—"We enter first by an arcade cut in the rock, and find ourselves in a large square chamber of moderate height, the walls of which are formed by the rock itself. On

the left hand we see a gallery sustained by several columns, which is ornamented in many places by foliage cut in the rock. At the end of the gallery there is an opening which can be passed only by stooping. By it we enter a large square chamber, which has several small doorways leading to five or six other rooms. . . . In these chambers the bodies were placed upon tables 2 ft. or 3 ft. high, cut in the rock." He counted fifty loculi. The number of bodies which evidently were placed here show that this was not, as some maintain, the sepulchre of Helen, queen of the Adiabene. In Le Brun's time it was believed to be the tomb of King Manasses, Amram his son, and Josias his grandson; but this is an erroneous theory, as the decoration is late Roman, while Josias flourished in the year 600 B.C. M. de Saulcy removed a sarcophagus from this place, and with great difficulty transported it to the coast. It is now placed in the Louvre, and passes for a specimen of early Jewish art, though probably it is of the date of the Roman period.

By some writers on the topography of Jerusalem it is maintained that these are the Royal Caverns mentioned by Josephus; they, assuming that it was impossible that the walls, as they stand at present, even with the addition of Mount Zion *extra muros*, and Mount Ophel, could have contained the immense population quoted by Josephus as 100,000, assert that the third wall—that of Herod Agrippa—

enclosed all the ground between this spot and the city, and that these are the Royal Caverns by which it passed. There are many objections to this theory: first, the fact that traces of an old, probably a third wall, are found at the Damascus Gate; secondly, these tombs would not have been called caverns; thirdly, other caverns exist in the line of the third wall; fourthly, there are no signs of this extensive district having been built upon. There are no traces of the line of the wall itself; nor are there any of those fragments of pottery which we have invariably remarked even on the sites of cities that had ceased to exist long before the date of the siege of Jerusalem.

Crossing the upper part of the valley of Jehoshaphat, somewhere near the spot where it was filled up by Titus in order to facilitate his approach to the walls, we mounted the sides of Mount Scopus, where was placed the first camp of the emperor, and whence he had a complete view of the city, and could easily perceive the weakest points in its fortifications. From this point we galloped along the ridge to the summit of the Mount of Olives, where tradition fixes the site of the Ascension of our Lord. The Empress Helena built a church here, which, after undergoing certain vicissitudes, was rebuilt by the Crusaders. It was like the Dome of the Rock, octagonal in plan. The outer walls of the octagon have been destroyed, and the bases of columns at

the angles alone remain to mark its original size ; but in the centre is a small octagonal structure, with columns at the angles, which, from their capitals and mouldings, are evidently thirteenth-century work. It is surmounted by a dome of the Mahometan period. This too, like the Dome of the Rock, is built over a stone, upon the upper surface of which are rude impressions of feet, believed by the superstitious to be those of our Saviour made at the moment of the Ascension. This stone is an object of veneration to Christians and Mahometans alike, and the former are actually allowed to perform mass within the building on Ascension Day,—this being the only Mahometan shrine in existence in which such a privilege is granted. The sheik who has charge of the mosque conducted us into the gallery of a small minaret attached to the building, from which we enjoyed a panorama, which, for interest and also for a sort of wild beauty, and for rich colouring, is unequalled in the world.

At our feet lay the steep slope of the mountain, dotted with gnarled olive-trees, whose foliage, agitated by the breeze, showed that silver shimmer which is peculiar to them. Amidst them a square plot, surrounded by white walls and full of flowering shrubs, marked the position of the Garden of Gethsemane. At the foot of a mountain lay the long straight Valley of Jehoshaphat, which, on the left hand, narrowed to a ravine,—actually paved with

the tombstones of generations of the tribes of Israel who came to lay their bones in their beloved city. Immediately in front of us, beyond the valley, on the summit of a ridge ran the east wall of the Haram enclosure, with the walled-up Golden Gateway conspicuously prominent, and St. Stephen's Gate beyond. We looked down into the enclosure, containing the green Dome of the Rock, of elegant form, and the long Mosque of the Aksah, and could see the Mahometans walking about amongst the trees, or performing their devotions at the Kohb-bets. The city beyond sloped down towards us, so that, amid the mass of white, flat-topped houses, we could distinguish the dome and tower of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the English church, and the immense Armenian convent in its neighbourhood; while, beyond, we caught a glimpse of the citadel and the town of David. On the right our range of vision was bounded by the rugged sides of Scopus and of the mountain upon the side of which Jerusalem stands; while, on our left, looking over the desolate Hill of Evil Council, we saw a wild and barren tract of country trending down to the south-east, and beyond it the light-blue water of the Dead Sea, and the valley of the Jordan, both bounded by a wall of jagged mountain of a delicate rose purple. These were the mountains of Moab, from which Moses beheld the Land of Promise—that on which we stood—then rich and

fertile, now stony, barren, burnt up, and destitute of trees !

From the Mount of Olives we rode to Bethany, where we visited the tomb of Lazarus, which is not like the usual tomb cut in the face of the rock, but is several feet below the surface of the ground, and is reached by a steep staircase. There are no architectural features about it by which its date can be ascertained ; but it is one of the best authenticated of the Holy sites.

Returning to Jerusalem, we wound round the foot of the Mount of Olives, and descended into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, passing by the tomb of the Virgin, which is situated exactly in the centre of it. This is a subterranean church, without an internal feature of interest, but possessing an external door of thirteenth-century Gothic, and in very good style. Ascending the rather steep bridle-path which leads to St. Stephen's Gate, we fortunately entered it before sunset, at which time it is closed.

VII.

A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM.

THE most sacred spot on earth after Jerusalem, the place of sepulture of our Lord, is Bethlehem, His birthplace. There are doubts about the exact site of the Holy Sepulchre, but the same degree of uncertainty does not exist about the grotto of the Nativity. It has been urged by some that a cave underground could not have been used as a stable ; but those who have travelled in the East will be able to remember many towns and villages built upon rock in and around which are caves used by the inhabitants as stables and pens for their horses, asses, cows, and sheep. The fact of the grotto being underground is easily explained when we consider that even in the course of a century the level of the ground in the vicinity of the dwellings of men is perceptibly raised by the accumulation of *débris* of all sorts, and therefore in the three hundred years which elapsed between the commencement of the Christian era and the period when St. Helena erected the basilica over the grotto, there must have been some such raising of the soil. We know that this was the case at

Jerusalem, and that the Holy Sepulchre was buried beneath heaps of rubbish until the time of the Empress's visit. Then everything was cleared away, and the rock cut to a level all round, to admit of the erection of a sanctuary surrounding the tomb; but here the Empress or her architect found it a better plan to build over than around the grotto, in such a manner that the high altar should stand above it. In addition to the evidence of common sense, we have the testimony of reiterated tradition in support of the authenticity of the site.

But beyond the sacred associations connected with the place, it has an especial interest for the archæologist, arising from the fact that the church itself is the earliest basilica in existence, and the only one which has come down to us in an unaltered condition.

Sta. Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni in Laterano, at Rome, have been so frequently rebuilt, and are so overloaded with extravagant ornamentation, that but little can be traced of the original structures beyond the plan. San Paulo fuori le Mure, as we know, has been lately reconstructed. San Clemente and Sta. Agnese preserve many of their primitive features, but have still endured various alterations since the time of their foundation; and the Church of the Holy Apostles, built by Constantine in New Rome, and his basilica at Jerusalem,

have totally disappeared; but the church of Bethlehem remains as it was left by the Empress; the only addition being the internal mosaics of the twelfth century, a modern roof, and a monstrous wall, which has been built between the nave and transepts as a barrier,—a practical and tangible excommunication of the Greeks by the Latins, or of the Latins by the Greeks.

Perhaps the church owes its preservation to its being situated in a village and not in a city, as in the case of many of our village churches, which have escaped; while our cathedrals, one and all, have suffered at the hands of the destroyer or *soi-disant* restorer. We remember, on the occasion of a visit to the Church of Dôl, in Brittany—a cathedral situated in a small town—being delighted with its untouched condition. No new work was to be seen either inside or out, and the columns of the nave had here and there an attractive tint of green mould on them. The worthy *curé*, who accompanied us, did not, however, share our gratification. “Our town is unfortunately so poor,” said he, “that we cannot raise a sufficient sum to enable us to gain a grant for the restoration from Government.” “*Tant mieux pour vous et pour votre église*,” was all we could say to our astonished cicerone. His mind, like that of many other pastors, both in France and England, was bent upon the attainment of something new,—of scraped walls and mouldings, dainty

tiles and tawdry decorations, and the classification of his church as a *monument historique*. Like the Cathedral of Dôl, the basilica of Bethlehem probably escaped on account of its somewhat remote position in a poor village.

Such being the nature of the interest attached to Bethlehem, our readers, probably, will not object to accompany us on an excursion thither. Bethlehem is only about two hours' ride from Jerusalem, and the trip may be made in peaceful times without an escort,—at least, we found by experience that it could be ; and since the time of our visit, we hear that the Bedouins do not, as they did formerly, approach the walls of the Holy City, and pick up the incautious stragglers, being deterred by a wholesome dread of the breech-loaders with which the Turkish army is in part armed.

We left Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate ; but instead of following the Jaffa road, which runs beside the city walls, and then turns to the right over a high ridge, we descended into the valley on our left, and after passing an empty reservoir, the Birket Es Sultan, at the bottom of the valley, began to ascend near a row of ugly cottages, built by that benefactor of his race, Sir Moses Montefiore, as almshouses for his poorer compatriots, and so reached the summit of the hill situated on the south-east side of Jerusalem, adjoining that of the Hill of Evil Counsel. On turning round towards the Holy City,

we had a view, interesting indeed, but inferior in interest and in beauty to that which is obtained from the Mount of Olives. Before us lay a ravine, the valley of Hinnom (on the sides of which grew a few scattered olive-trees), which deepened as it proceeded towards our right; and immediately opposite, upon a rocky eminence, about as high as that on which we stood, was the south-east angle of the city walls. Not far from the angle rose the towers of the Citadel of David, and in front of the wall, on the shoulder of a hill, stood the building dignified by the title of the House of the Last Supper. Immediately inside the walls were the roofs of the Armenian convent; but few roofs or minarets were visible as the city falls off from this, its highest point towards the valley of the Tyropœon.

Pursuing our road towards the east, we soon came upon a tract of barren table-land, through the midst of which the road ran in a straight line. This plain was treeless, and at the season in which we visited it—autumn—without signs of vegetation; so that we were not at all sorry, after about three-quarters of an hour's ride, to reach a wood by the road-side, in which we saw one or two encampments occupied by Consuls, who wisely take advantage of the fine autumnal weather to get away from the dust, dirt, heat, and bad water, all which, towards the end of September, render a residence within the city walls almost insupportable. Opposite the wood

was a large Greek convent, dedicated, like many of the Greek churches, to the Prophet Elias, who is especially venerated by that community.

At this point we turned to the right, and entered a road running along a ridge, and skirting a deep ravine which lay on our left hand. We soon observed on our right a small domed building,—of no great antiquity itself, but marking the site of one of the landmarks of the ancient world,—Rachel's Tomb, about the situation of which Christians, Jews, and Mahometans are for once agreed.

A little beyond this point we saw, crowning the summit of the opposite side of the ravine,—which, on account of its numerous terraces covered with vineyards, presented a striking contrast to the valley we had left an hour or so before,—the village of Bethlehem, which no doubt obtained its name,—signifying in Hebrew, house of bread, and in Arabic house of meat,—from the fertility of the district in which it is situated. Conspicuous amongst the buildings was a vast buttressed edifice at the edge of the ravine,—the Convent of the Nativity.

In half-an-hour's time after our first view of it we reached the village, and seeing no visible sign of the basilica, we made our way to the convent, and, upon stating our wishes, were immediately conducted to the guest-chamber. On our way thither we passed through a bare-looking cloister, the floor

of which was stained with the purple juice of the grape. A sturdy peasant, with naked feet, was employed in treading out grapes in a large wooden trough, and this view of the preparatory process did not certainly act as a shoeing-horn when we had wine set before us by the hospitable monks.

We were agreeably surprised to encounter in the guest-chamber two Englishmen who had accompanied us in our ride round Jerusalem some days before. They, however, had done all the sight-seeing, and were on the point of departure for the Dead Sea; so that we had not the pleasure of their company in the church. As soon as we had finished our frugal repast, we followed the monk who had been deputed to guide us through the cloisters and surrounding chapels, and finally emerged on the south side of the chancel of the basilica. Here we must confess that at first we had some difficulty in orientating ourselves, as the monstrous wall-screen before mentioned as cutting off the nave from the transepts had quite altered the internal aspect of the church. Entering a small door in the wall of the substructure of the choir, we descended by a flight of eighteen or twenty steps to the grotto of the Nativity, which is situated, as far as we could judge, under the high altar. This grotto has been so frequently described, and with such accuracy, that we need only say that it is a natural cave, about 36 ft. long by 12 ft. wide, and 9 ft. high, and

that it has been so thoroughly cased with marble that but little, if any, of the live rock is visible. Another staircase led us past other chapels and caves into the opposite side of the church to that from which we had descended. Here we had an opportunity of examining the building more at our leisure. It is cruciform in plan. There is a wide nave, with double aisles, and eleven bays, marked by monolithic columns, about 18 ft. high, with Corinthian capitals and bases. The columns support a regular entablature, consisting of an architrave of three faces; a frieze, enriched with sculptured foliage, and a rich cornice. The capitals are quite classical in character, and would not have disgraced a purer period of architecture; but the overloading of ornament on the frieze and cornice shows a considerable departure from the simplicity of earlier times. The transepts are of the same width as the nave, and terminate at the north and south ends in semi-circular apses. The choir has two bays with aisles, like those in the nave; at the east end there is a semi-circular apse. There is a row of plain windows in the clerestory. The wall space above the architrave and between the windows is occupied by a series of mosaics, representing Biblical subjects, executed in the twelfth century. The roof, which is of cedar, is of the sixteenth century.

It is almost superfluous to allude to the statement made by some authors, upon the authority of

monkish historians, that the church was rebuilt by Justinian; for, as will be perceived from the foregoing description, the character of the architecture entirely contradicts it. The trabeate system here observable died out in the time of Constantine, and was replaced by the arcuate system, which became universal before the time of Justinian. In truth, the architecture of the basilica approaches good Græco-Roman more than that of any other edifice erected in Constantine's reign; and in style it is superior to the contemporary buildings at Rome and Constantinople; for in those cities the materials employed in the erection of new edifices were taken from the temple and other ancient structures: consequently, we find in them capitals and bases too large, or too small, for their respective columns, and architraves, friezes, and cornices squeezed into positions for which they were never intended; while at Bethlehem the columns, which are all monoliths, were evidently quarried in the neighbourhood, and the capitals sculptured to fit them near the building for which they were destined.

There has been an atrium before the church, but there are few traces of it now.

Upon entering the nave, we were surrounded by a crowd of boisterous ragamuffins, who seemed to think it was our bounden duty to purchase their stock of rosaries and carvings in mother-of-pearl; and who, when we had selected one of the latter,

fell upon the favoured mortal who sold it to us with such violence that we could not help exclaiming, as we forced our way through them,—“Are you Christians, and of Bethlehem?”

VIII.

GRAND CAIRO.

THERE are two cities which, from their peculiarity of position and the unusual character of their surroundings, strongly impress the mind of the traveller who sees them for the first time; and where the feeling aroused by the sight of them is not merely admiration of their extreme beauty, but the perception of a quality that they possess which is akin to the sublime. One of these is Venice, the sea-born, sea-girt Venus, as an old writer terms her, springing from the ocean bed, surmounted by the conch of St. Mark's, and graced by multitudes of cupolas and towers. The other is the queen city of the desert, Cairo, also rising in grandeur from a long level line, that of the sandy plain, and also crowned with innumerable domes and minarets. Both are surrounded, or nearly so, by a vast and apparently boundless expanse—Venice by that of the waters of the Adriatic, which if pursued to their utmost limit would lead to the shores of Africa and the Pillars of Hercules; Cairo by that of the sandy desert, which if followed out would lead past the kingdom of Theodoros, through the domain of Livingstone, to the territory of the Bosjesmans and

Boers. In both cases this expanse is trackless, except where, in the one case the wrecks of vessels, and in the other the white ribs of the foundered ships of the desert, point out the road; in both cases it is silent, for the velvety footfall of the camel makes no more noise than the oar of the gondolier. And both have the claim of age, for both were founded above a thousand years ago. Thus each has these elements of the sublime in its position—vastness, silence, repose, and hoar antiquity. But in this quality of sublimity, and even in that of beauty, the City of the Sea must yield the palm to the City of the Desert, for when looking at her domes athwart the lagoons, one does not see, as at Cairo, the summit of the eternal Pyramids looming in the distance, nor do the cupolas of St. Mark's, and the Salute, and the tower of the Campanile equal in loftiness or in elegance the domes of the Mosque of Sultan Hassan and other tombs of the Kalifs and the two hundred and fifty minarets attached to the other mosques and sepulchres. We defy any traveller, however much he may have seen of Eastern cities, not to be impressed with the aspect of Cairo when he beholds it for the first time, whether he sees it from the railways of Alexandria or Suez, or whether he looks down upon it from the ramparts of the Citadel of Saladin.

It was our good fortune to behold it for the first time from the latter spot, for it was evening when

we reached Cairo, and we sought rest and refreshment in a comfortable hotel in the Esbekiah, a large square in the outskirts of the city, planted with trees, and surrounded by the principal hotels and other houses of the Franks. The next morning we drove to the citadel, through the only street practicable for carriages, preceded by a runner, who shouted warnings to the veiled women and turbaned men who thronged the bazaars. How we reached our destination without overturning man, woman, or child, in this crowded street, is to us a wonder to this day. Having ascended to the citadel, which is situated on the spur of a hill, we looked down upon the splendid panorama beneath us. Immediately under the walls was a vast piazza, bounded by low, flat-roofed houses, from amongst which rose at one side of the square a majestic mass of masonry, surmounted by a dome, and relieved by two lofty minarets of unequal height. The whole square was filled with rejoicing Orientals, in their many-coloured garments; every shade of every colour was to be found among them; and as they swayed to and fro, they resembled, more than anything else, a bed of tulips agitated by the breeze. It was the occasion of the *fête* of Sultan Hassan, and all Cairo was assembled in the vicinity of his mosque,—the fortress-like building that adjoined the square,—which was that of Roumeli. Beyond the piazza was an interminable series of small white squares—

the flat roofs of houses—intersected by dark lines of shade, which marked the courses of the tortuous *sooks* or alleys, for few of them deserve the name of streets. Here and there were roofs of a domical form, those of the *hammams*, schools, and other public buildings; and the whole was relieved by the elegant outlines of stilted domes and by the graceful minarets, which caught the sun's rays, and reflected them from every face of their honeycombed corbellings, and from their pierced and traceried balconies. Beyond this glittering mass, there appeared to be a vast lake,—for it was the period of the inundation,—in the midst of which the course of the Nile could be here and there traced by the palm-trees on its banks; while through the mist, caused by evaporation, were to be seen the dim outlines of the Pyramids. Such a view as this is seldom forgotten. Everything we saw was Oriental in character. At Constantinople, Italian palaces and hybrid Gothic churches break the spell, and recall us to the plots and intrigues of Frankistan; but here the Frank quarter is so distant that we saw no formal rows of modern houses, nor black-coated gentry riding on donkeys, to remind us of the grooves and trammels of European civilisation.

Whilst in the citadel we visited the mosque and tomb of Mehemet Ali. We were, however, disappointed with this specimen of modern Egyptian architecture. The plan is good, being that of a

square with a semi-circular apse on each side, and the materials of which it was constructed were of the richest, the columns being of marble, taken from ancient buildings, and the walls, to a certain height, being lined with darkly-veined Oriental alabaster, but the details are rococo, the colouring is tawdry, and the general effect that of coldness and dreariness, which one perceives in the modern mosques of Stamboul. The rich carpets and pendant lamps alone relieved it. Had the founder been content to take for his model one of the numerous mosques that lay in the city under his eye, he would have left behind him a work that would have been the admiration of posterity ; but it seems that it is not in England alone that full appreciation of truth and beauty has passed away.

The Mosque of Sultan Hassan—to which we, ascending from the citadel, elbowed our way through a crowd occupied in watching rows of felt-capped dervishes swaying from side to side in measured time ; past the stalls of vendors of sweet-meats, and by immense swings in which bearded Moslems, who in their amusements are but children, were taking great delight,—offers a fine contrast to that of Mehemet Ali.

We emerged from the crowded place into a narrow street, in which was situated the entrance to the mosque, and here we gazed up at its walls, which

are 120 ft. high, built of alternate courses of dark and light coloured stone and marble, and finished by a rich corbelled cornice of great projection. This mode of building in parti-coloured courses, which is common to all the Cairene buildings, and indeed prevails generally throughout the East, gives scale to a building, and at the same time a satisfactory appearance of solidity. The doorway is situated in an arched recess, 100 ft. high, reminding one of the three western arches of Peterborough Cathedral. It is reached by a flight of 20 or 30 steps. On entering, we find ourselves in a small chamber, in which were stationed the guardians of the mosque, who directed us to take off our shoes, and enveloped the shoes of a lady who accompanied us in pocket-handkerchiefs, as she very naturally objected to walk shoeless on the cold marble pavement; we then passed through a low winding passage and entered the body of the mosque, which may be described as a cube of about 115 ft., with the top off; that is to say, it was open to the sky. In each face of the cube was a vast pointed arch, about 60 ft. in span, opening into a square or oblong recess: one of these recesses was larger than the rest, and had two doors in the inner wall, which led to another square hall, the tomb of the Sultan. In the centre of the court was a large domed fountain for ablution.

The effect of the whole was that of simple

grandeur, arising from the vast dimensions of the arches. Passing a row of turbaned worshippers who were going through their prostrations, under the guidance of a *Mollah*, with as much regularity as soldiers follow their fogleman, and who did not seem to regard the presence of a female in their holy place as a pollution, we followed our dragoman into the inner hall or tomb. This was a square of about 60 ft., lighted by windows at the sides, and covered by a lofty dome. The painting and gilding were faded, the ornaments crumbling to dust, and the whole had a dilapidated look, though it will be ages before the building itself can become an actual ruin, as the walls are generally 13 ft., and in some places 25 ft., thick. The windows which light the tomb are two-light, with circular apertures above them. They are set in trefoliated recesses. There is resemblance in these and in the windows of most of the mosques of Cairo to Gothic of the Plate Tracery period, which has become so much the fashion in England; and there is indeed much to be learnt from these fine specimens of Saracenic architecture by an architect whose mind has not been narrowed by exclusive study of one particular school. This mosque was built in the fourteenth century, and is of the later style, resembling the Byzantine. It was probably built by Sultan Hassan, during his lifetime, and was destined, like that of Mehemet Ali, for his tomb. In most cases the tomb of the founder

adjoins the mosque, and has a dome. The mosque proper in Cairo has no dome, but a flat roof. Such is that of Toloom, which we subsequently visited. It consists of a large quadrangular court with arcades round it. On one side the arcade is five bays in depth, and separated from the court by a wall, thus forming a building similar to a basilica. This is the primitive type of mosque. When the impostor Mahomet built his first house of prayer at Medina, no doubt he took for his model the Caaba where his fathers worshipped, and after he had purified the latter spot and overthrown its idols, it became the mother of all mosques, for he asserted that it was founded by Adam after the image of the house of prayer in the heavens, which he said was situated immediately above it. The plan was simple in the extreme ;—a square enclosure, with arcades all round, and a small building in the form of a cube in the centre. Subsequently when the *Successors* took possession of Damascus and Jerusalem, they found models for their mosques in the Church of Constantine and the Basilica of St. John. All the larger and earlier mosques in Cairo are upon the basilican plan. After the conquest of the whole of Asia Minor had familiarised the Moslems with the Byzantine churches, and they had seen the greater advantage of the cruciform plan, and the convenience and beauty of the dome, they thenceforth adopted them as the characteristic

features of their architecture. But the inhabitants of Cairo never took kindly to the Byzantine plan. With the exception of the Mosques of Sultan Hassan and El Ghoree, and a few others of the sixteenth century, which are cruciform, all the principal mosques, such as Toloom, El Azhir, and El Hakem, are built upon the primitive plan.

The Mosque of El Azhir is a Mahometan university; its spacious court, which is 250 ft. square, is divided into 17 schools for the instruction of Moslems from Arabia, Morocco, Turkey, Nubia, and elsewhere. At one end of the court is the mosque, which has eight ranges of columns, numbering,—with those of the quadrangle,—350, most of them with ancient capitals and bases. The gate has two trefoliated arches, exactly like thirteenth-century Gothic. We attempted to get into this mosque, but were repulsed by the fanatical gatekeepers.

But it is not in Cairo itself that Saracenic architecture is to be seen in its perfection: outside the gates and at the sides of the citadel there are two extensive cemeteries, and in the midst of these are to be seen, a mile or two from the city, groups of domed tombs, with mosques adjoining them, and minarets of the most picturesque forms imaginable. These are commonly known by the names of the Tombs of the Caliphs and Mamelukes; and many of them bear the names of their founders, such as the Mosque of Kait Bey, and that of Imam Chafei. Those on the

north side of the citadel are the most numerous. They consist of eight or ten domes, supported by square basements canted off at the angles. These domes are all pointed, stilted, and bulbous in form ; that is to say, they are narrower at the springing than a little above it, and they are all, more or less, decorated externally with ribs, lozenges, or arabesque patterns cut in the surface of the stonework. The minarets are also of various forms, but most of them resemble those in the city, being square below and octagonal above, with three or four corbelled galleries. On the upper stage there are small columns at the angles, and their summits have the termination like a pear with its stalk upwards. In the narrow streets of Cairo one has almost to break one's neck in order to get a sketch of the domes and minarets, but here they can be seen to the greatest advantage, and sketched without molestation.

Besides the mosques there are numerous buildings of interest in Cairo, such as the baths and bazaars ; but as there are no architectural peculiarities about them,—the former consisting of a series of square chambers, lighted by bull's-eyes in the domes, and supplied with hot water and steam *ad libitum*, and the other being merely arched or covered passages,—we need not waste time in describing them. If the traveller should, after a few days, tire of Cairo and its old-world ways, and

should wish to be refreshed by a glimpse of green foliage and an image of civilisation, let him make an excursion to the gardens of the Khédive, at Schoobra. A pleasant drive of three or four miles through a magnificent avenue of over-arching sycamores and acacias will bring him to the gates of the palace. This he will not care to visit ; but in the garden he will find a collection of all the flowering and other shrubs of Egypt, and in the centre of all he will see a kiosk. If he be an optimist fresh from Europe who believes in the civilisation of the Mahometans, he will be gratified to see the interior fitted up like a Parisian boudoir, and handsomely-bound editions of celebrated authors upon the table. If, however, he be accustomed to Eastern ways, he will only perceive in this a sign of that Oriental shrewdness which aims at pleasing the eyes of visitors, and will not be a whit the more convinced that civilisation is compatible with a belief in the Koran.

There are many other interesting excursions to be made in and around Cairo. Boulak, the Island of Rhoda, and other spots, may be visited without difficulty by any one who will trust himself to the guidance of a donkey-boy, and who will be content with the smooth paces of Ginger Pop, Yankee Doodle, or Lord Dundreary. He will not learn much from his guide, but will be amused by his stereotyped English phrases, and will be able to amuse himself by observing the manners and

customs of the Arabs, which he could hardly do if seized upon and lionised by an enterprising dragoman.

But if he should venture on an excursion to the Pyramids on donkey-back, as we did on gentle Ginger Pop, we counsel him not to go without the escort of that necessary evil, the dragoman, or he will be almost torn to pieces by the Pyramid Arabs, who never can be brought to believe that they have had *baksheesh* enough : beginning with politeness, they end with menace ; and who if they get a solitary traveller inside the King's Chamber, are not likely to let him get out without paying a king's ransom.

IX.

A PEEP AT THE GREAT PYRAMID.

OF the seven antique wonders of the world one only is still extant. The Pharos of Alexandria no longer sheds its light over the waters of the Mediterranean; Apollo Colossus has long since gone to the melting-pot; the crys-elephantine Olympian Zeus of Phidias has been turned into amulets and squared into dice; jackals labour the ground where once stood the terraced gardens of Babylon—the paradise of Nebuchadnezzar. Of the Temple of the Ephesian Artemis all that remains may be seen in Great Russell Street. There also is the dethroned monarch Mausolus, who has taken refuge in England, and from his pedestal in the British Museum placidly looks down upon the remains of his celebrated sepulchre,—a monument of departed greatness. But the Pyramid of the Cheops still stands erect on the western bank of the Nile. The storms of forty or more centuries have but chafed its surface; and though the palaces of Cairo have been partly built out of the stones of its *revêtement*, yet it remains apparently uninjured, and is likely to last to the end of time. Climate, no doubt, has had much to do with its wonderful state

of preservation. Had it been built in a country with cold and damp atmosphere, the moisture would have penetrated between the joints, and the frosts and thaws uplifted and riven its enormous courses of stone, as in northern climes they rive the granite mountains; but in Egypt, where there is literally no rain, no damp, no frost, Time has not these slaves to help him in his work of destruction.

Such an ancient monument as this, which existed before Abraham went down into Egypt, has been necessarily described by many writers. We have in our possession a book, called "*Les Plantz des Villes*," published in 1573, which contains a medley of good things. Poictiers, "the city of Peru," and the Pyramids are all therein described and illustrated, and we borrow from it a list of the writers of antiquity who have touched upon the Pyramid, viz.:—Herodotus, Duris of Samos, Aristagoras, Dionysius, Artemidorus, Alexander Polyhistor, Butorides, Antisthenes, Demetrius, Demoteles, and Apiori; and we are also informed that Thales, of Miletus, obtained its height by measuring its shadow at the proper moment. Herodotus, perhaps, gives the most complete account. He tells us that the Pyramid of Cheops was built in twenty years by 100,000 men; that they commenced by constructing a road from the Nile, of polished slabs of stone, ornamented with figures, for the transport of the stones. He mentions a

canal formed by Cheops, in the midst of which was an island and a chamber, and he describes also the manner in which the outer covering (which was smooth) was laid. He says that upon the steps (those formed by the courses) were raised machines of timber,—evidently including inclined planes,—by means of which the huge stones of the casing, 30 ft. in length (they were triangular), were raised stage by stage to the summit, which was completed first, and the work continued downwards to the basement, this being evidently the only manner in which the work could be accomplished. In addition to these ancient writers, we have had in more modern times dissertations by Le Brun, Grobert, Jomard, Meister, Hirt, De Sacy, Langles, Belzoni, Lepsius, Howard Vyse, and, though last not least, Piazzzi Smyth, who has compassed and spanned every stone, so to speak, of the Great Pyramid, and written an exhaustive book upon the subject, to which we beg to refer every one who wishes to study it in a serious manner.

Our object is simply to describe the impression made upon ourselves during a day's visit to it, in the belief that—however frequently it has been spoken of, and however often it has been visited, a vast structure somewhat about the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields at its base, and somewhat higher than the cross of St. Paul's,—which existed when the world was in its cradle, and will in all probability

accompany it to its tomb,—can never be considered commonplace or uninteresting.

We left our hotel in the Esbekiah, Cairo, in a carriage before daybreak, accompanied by two Americans, who had joined us at Jaffa,—a fat doctor and small minister. Half an hour's drive brought us to the banks of the swollen Nile at Old Cairo. Here the donkeys and their drivers, who had been convoked by our dragoman, joined us, and we embarked in a caique at a spot which some have called Charon's Ferry, possibly because, in the time of old Egypt, bodies were here embarked on their way to the necropolis. Our Charon did not, however, bid us "trim the boat and keep quiet," but he himself was trimmed and kept quiet by our dragoman, for, as he demanded more than his obolus, our man knocked him down. He arose, shook himself, and became a wiser if not a better man. In this we obtained a striking confirmation of the sad truth which we had learnt in our previous dealings with Orientals, which was, that if you wish to gain your point with either pasha or peasant, you must first prostrate him, morally or physically, and then demand the favour of his compliance with your request that he will do his duty or perform his contract. On board the caique, in close companionship with us, were our favourites, Ginger Pop and Yankee Doodle; the former was a white donkey, of sturdy build, very like the one that figures in a

picture by Gerôme which will occur to the recollection of some of our readers. He derived his name from the fact that as he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca he had received the distinctive badge of a hadji, by having his mane and tail dyed with saffron, till they were the colour of ginger. He fell to our lot, and we mounted him on reaching the opposite bank with a certain degree of pleasure, for we knew by experience that he was a trustworthy animal. Yankee Doodle fell to the lot of the fat American doctor, who to revenge himself upon those who had named his beast, beguiled the way by persuading the driver that his donkey would never be in want of a rider if he changed its name to Lord Dundreary ; and by the time he reached the Pyramids, by dint of constant repetition, the boy had got the name pat.

Our ride was a pleasant one, not in a straight line to the Pyramids, which we saw always before us, but,—as the waters were out,—by various turnings and windings on dykes and causeways, which, in the time of the inundation, served as the roads of communication between the villages that crowned the summits of mounds rising out of the water on both sides of us. Each mound had its grove of date-palms ; its group of white, flat-topped houses ; its crowd of fellahs, of fellah-women in blue smocks and black nosebags, called veils ; and its naked children—like animated bronze figures, with the delicately-moulded forms peculiar to the

dark-skinned races—sporting in and out of the shallow water, evidences of the exuberant life with which the Delta and that part of Egypt swarm.

After passing many of these picturesque oases, by about noon we began to ascend to the rocky platform on which the Pyramids are situated. Before we had reached it, a swarm of swarthy Arabs swooped down upon us, yelling and gesticulating, and seized our bridles. After recovering from our first surprise, we were reassured by finding that, though their manners were rude, their language was refined. To be accosted in our mother-tongue, spoken with a perfect accent, by a troop of dirty savages, was something novel, for the lower class of Levantines, when they do speak a little English, generally interlard their discourse with expressions which they have picked up from sailors,—not exactly pleasing to ears polite. These men, on the contrary, had gathered their vocabulary from the hundreds of educated men who had visited the Pyramids on their way to or from India. Hence the amusing contrast. Still, however satisfactory their accent, it was not agreeable to be unseated by half-a-dozen unwashed Arabs. So there were loud calls for the scheik, who, after preliminary conversation, by dint of loud persuasion, combined with force, prevailed upon his followers to leave us unmolested to choose our own guides.

We have mentioned hitherto but one Pyramid,

that of Cheops, as it is the largest and best-preserved of all; but pyramids of all sizes are to be found at intervals on the borders of the Nile, between the Delta and Fayoum, and always on the western bank only. Lepsius visited sixty-seven within a distance of thirty-six miles. At Ghizeh there are three large ones, and the remains of six diminutive ones at their feet. It has been affirmed, to account for these different sizes, that each monarch began to build his tomb as soon as he ascended the throne, and that he added a course or two to the exterior every year of his reign, and that in this manner the size of the pyramid is an evidence of the length of the reign of the monarch who built it; but this could hardly have been the case, for Cheops reigned sixty-three years, while Herodotus, who must have gained his information from the traditions of the priests, asserts that his Pyramid was built in twenty years.

Besides those of Ghizeh, there are groups of pyramids at Sakkara, Abourouel, Abousir, Dashour, Metanyeh, and Meidoun. All are on the same plan, with an internal chamber for sepulture, the entrance to which has been concealed by the external masonry, and all are in a more ruinous state than those which we saw at Ghizeh.

During our approach to the Pyramids from the Nile they grew so gradually upon our sight that we could hardly realise their vast dimensions until we

got near enough to see some individuals belonging to a party which had preceded us descending at one of the angles, in proportion to the mass like mites to a Cheshire cheese. Leaving our donkeys in the shade, we hurried to one of the angles, where the ascent is easier than elsewhere, and commenced our pilgrimage to the summit. Two Arab guides are allotted to a man, and three to a lady; they keep hold of your hands, and by dint of hauling and pulling (for the courses forming the steps are, in some places, 3 ft. or 4 ft. high), contrive to land you, puffing, panting, at the summit, if you do not give in by the way. Our fat doctor gave in at a third of the height, the lady who was with us at three-fourths, but the short minister and ourselves reached the summit—a platform of about 30 ft. square—in safety. Here we sat down to recruit and enjoy the glorious prospect, of Cairo and the Nile on one side, and on the other the reddish waves of sand, stretching as far as we could see towards the desert of Jupiter Ammon. Near us were the two other pyramids, those of Cephrenes and Mycerinus, beneath us was the rocky necropolis, full of indentations and irregular cuttings, marking the site of excavated tombs, and a little beyond, on a lower level, appeared the head of the Great Sphinx.

While we rested, the conventional Arab performed the conventional feat of running down one pyramid

and up another, for the gratification of a slight *baksheesh*. The ascent of the second pyramid must be difficult, as the outer smooth casing in part remains; but he accomplished the feat in less than ten minutes. We then prepared to go down. This was an arduous and somewhat dangerous undertaking, as the treads are generally very narrow, and are half-covered with rubbish. You are completely at the mercy of your guides, who hold you by each hand, and take a delight in compelling you to acts of agility, which, when you are middle-aged, slightly inclined to *embonpoint*, and have not the sure footing of a goat, is in a slight degree distressing, particularly when you know that one false footstep would be sufficient to roll you to the bottom, and convert you into a modern mummy. Our fat friend was so fully impressed with the idea of this risk, that he had actually promised his guides the unheard-of *largesse* of five shillings if they would deposit him safely on the sand below; consequently, on gaining the ground, we found him a general favourite, attended by a crowd of Arabs, who evidently thought him "soft" as well as fat. He had suddenly become the hero of our party, and we who were not so liberally inclined were constantly reminded of his indiscretion by such speeches as this: "It is customary to give poor Arab more than the ordinary *baksheesh* given to scheik. Fat man very good man; he give poor Arab five shil-

lings." In fact, he had created a complete revolution, and had spoilt the market for future visitors, as we subsequently learnt from one of them at the *table d'hôte* of our hotel. There are upwards of 200 courses, varying from 4 ft. 4 in. to 20 in. in depth in the Great Pyramid. Herodotus states that the outer casing was ornamented with carved figures, probably hieroglyphics.

After a hearty luncheon, we prepared for the second act—a visit to the interior. We found the entrance a little above the level of the sand, and in the middle of one side. Here we each took a lighted candle or torch, and entered, stooping and crawling through a passage, 4 ft. square, which descended gradually at an angle of 25 degrees. We could not stop to examine the construction of this gallery, as we were preceded and followed by Arabs, who urged us on; and as the suffocating closeness of the atmosphere, joined to our uncomfortable position, made us anxious to get into some more commodious portion of the building. After descending for a few minutes, we commenced to ascend at the same angle, and at last reached a deep well in our path, which served as an approach to the lowest chamber, which is seldom visited. Beyond the well we entered a higher gallery, where we had more breathing room. It was about 24 feet high to the top, and was covered by a horizontal arch, *i. e.*, one composed of stones corbelled out on

both sides till they meet, the ends being cut away so as to present internally two sloping sides. This gallery ascended at so sharp an angle, that it would have been difficult to walk up if holes had not been cut here and there in the polished floor for one's footsteps. It was about the same width as the first passage. At the top we entered by a vestibule into the King's Chamber, containing the sarcophagus of Cheops, the founder of the stupendous structure. This chamber is about 34 ft. by 18 ft. in dimensions, and is roofed over by flat slabs placed side by side. The sarcophagus is of porphyry, and is covered with hieroglyphics. As the pyramid has been built round it, fortunately, it cannot be removed entire, and so possibly it may be allowed to remain, to rejoice the eyes of generations of travellers. As soon as we reached the chamber, the Arabs began to howl and to dance,—for the gratification of their fat benefactor,—what appeared to be, from their dusky figures, grinning faces, wild shouts, and whirling torches, a regular *ronde infernale*. The heat and closeness were suffocating, as may be imagined would be the case in a chamber in the centre of the pyramid, in which the air cannot have been renewed except by chemical change since the time of the Pharaohs. We were, therefore, not sorry to emerge into the open air, for we knew that there was nothing about the construction of the Pyramid that we could not learn from books,

as it has been so frequently measured and illustrated.

Our last visit was that made to the Great Sphinx, whose head and shoulders only are now visible above the ever-encroaching sand. She is no beauty, as her face was remorselessly ruined by a fanatical scheik in the fourteenth century. Her nose has disappeared, but the firm, projecting under-jaw remains; and this, together with her retreating forehead, combines to make her supremely hideous. If the Sphinx were uncovered, she would be a marvel hardly second in interest to the Great Pyramid, as she measures 150 ft. from the extremity of her extended paws to the root of her tail; and, moreover, she holds between her fore-paws a temple, in which divine honours were paid her. The entire figure is cut out of the rock on which the pyramids stand,—all deficiencies being made good with masonry. Amongst the conflicting theories about Egyptian chronology, it is difficult to fix the exact date of the erection of the Pyramid of Cheops, but we know that the Sphinx was completed in the time of Thothmes IV., who reigned in the year 1561 B.C., so that in all probability it was constructed many centuries after the Pyramid.

The point chiefly to be noticed in the Great Pyramid, besides the wonderful harmony observable in its dimensions,—for a correct understanding of which the before-mentioned book of Piazzi Smyth

should be carefully perused,—is the occurrence of the first example of the horizontal arch, which was borrowed from the Egyptians by the Greeks, and employed by them in the Treasury of Mycenæ; the gates of Assos; in the Fountain of Hippocrates in the Island of Cos; and in the Mausoleum. It is also to be remarked that its external form was adopted by other nations besides the Egyptians as the distinguishing mark of a sepulchre. We find that not only was the magnificent tomb of Mausolus surmounted by a pyramid, but that also smaller sepulchres, such as that of Theron, at Agrigentum; the Lion tomb Cnidus, the monuments in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and many of the Roman tombs in Africa, had also pyramidal roofs. May we not trace the steeple of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and all magnificent *perrons*, even that of the Prince's Monument in Hyde Park, to the same remote source, however indirectly they may have been derived from it?

X.

ALEXANDRIA : ART AND DESPOTISM.

FOR the culture and development of the fine arts, which form of Government, the despotic or constitutional, is the most favourable? This is a question which has been frequently discussed, and many plausible arguments have been advanced on both sides.

On the one hand, it has been affirmed that enlightenment and education, and consequently taste, advance side by side with political freedom;—that while men's minds are not convulsed by upward struggles towards the sun of liberty, and are unclouded by those apprehensions which constantly overshadow the enslaved, they are most open to receive impressions of truth and beauty in both nature and art. It has been urged that the enlarged appreciation of, and constantly increasing taste for, the beautiful,—which is likely to take root and spread abroad amongst a people who are free from political cares,—would induce legislators to take the fine arts under their charge, make them a branch of national education, and foster them by every means in their power. As this state of things could only come about under a Constitutional Government, that

is evidently the most favourable for the culture and progress of the fine arts. It may be advanced also, in support of this view of the case, that art flourishes best in an atmosphere of truth; that undue favouritism, intrigue, plotting, and jobbery of all sorts are destructive to its growth; and it may be asked, Where will you find greater freedom from jobbery than under a popular and liberal Administration?

On the other hand, it may be asserted that refined taste does not necessarily accompany political ability and influence, that under a liberal Government any man who is great upon the platform may be successful at the poll; that, with a special talent of some kind and a great deal of boldness, he may even attain unto office, and to such an office that he may have the handling of his country's ornaments,—her Crown jewels, architecture, painting, and sculpture; and that this man may be utterly destitute of taste, and incapable of sympathising with artists or of comprehending art of any description. Then it may be asked, Would not such a man inflict irreparable injury upon art? Yet such a state of things is possible, and does occur in the most liberal countries and in the most enlightened period of the world's history. How, then, it has been demanded, can that form of Government which admits of such a case be most favourable to the growth of the fine arts?

When Governments are compelled to economise by the pressure of public opinion, but are not in the same manner impelled to any large-mindedness,—or even to common rectitude,—in dealing with matters of art, evil results must follow ; and the reason of this is—that art and artists are often so little considered by the community, that in the case of a public competition the selection of an inferior work by the judges is not believed by them to be an act of injustice to art and to competing artists, but rather a mark of cleverness on the part of those who have exerted themselves to bring about such a result for the benefit of a friend or dependent. It is to be owned that this state of things is partly owing to the conduct of artists themselves. They write and talk about Beauty, Truth, and Sacrifice being the handmaids who surround the triumphal car of Art, and attend her on her progress, yet many of them would not hesitate to immolate Truth and Beauty and Art herself at the shrine of a patron.

The remedy for this state of things amongst us is that in England, as in France, there should be a minister of fine arts, and a council formed of men duly qualified by their attainments, their taste, and their experience to direct and assist him in the selection of designs.

However much we may be of opinion that art and education ought to be developed together, we cannot but own that hitherto in the history of the world

practical results show that the larger number of great works of art have been accomplished under despotic rulers, without the consent or concurrence of an enlightened people. In order to comprehend this apparent paradox, let us look at Egypt, covered with stupendous temples, surrounded by a series of sphinxes, and guarded by gigantic genii, all perfected under the most crushing of despotisms.

The palaces of Persepolis and Nineveh were constructed under similar conditions.

Let us go to Greece, and see the Parthenon, erected by Pericles after he had made himself master of the Athenians. Rome owes its Coliseum, its enormous baths, its triumphal arches, to the Cæsars, not to tribunes and decemvirs.

Venice owes all its finest structures to the doges of the time of its oligarchy, not to the time of its democracy; and liberal Italy is destroying upon the plea of restoration what despotic Austria would have religiously preserved—the antique setting of that Oriental gem—St. Mark's.

Lastly, the two finest cities of ancient and modern times owe their grandeur to the magnificence of imperial taste.

Paris as it now stands, re-edified by Napoleon III. and his faithful Hausmann, is a splendid monument of imperial greatness.

Alexandria, the city of the conqueror of the world, designed by his architect Dinocrates, was

the glory of the Levant, and the greatest empire of the East,—a worthy memorial of Alexander the Great and of that architect who built the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and who proposed to cut Mount Athos into a figure of his master, representing him with a city in one hand and a cup in the other.

Thus the despot and his adviser have hitherto been the best friends to art. Pericles and Phidias, Alexander and Dinocrates, Justinian and Anthemius, Napoleon and Hausmann,—all accomplished monuments of which the world was and is still proud. The occasion makes the man. It is not likely that architects will again have commissions to build cities with *carte blanche* as to cost, or orders for temples, very splendid, with no limit as to the number they would hold, or as to thickness of walls and number of columns; but if they had only the just satisfaction of knowing that if they produced the best designs they would be employed by the Government of their country, those best designs would be produced, and they would in their manner equal, if not excel, the works of Dinocrates, Anthemius, and other architects of the past; for talent belongs to no particular age or country.

When the conqueror of the world set foot in Egypt, 331 B.C., after his conquest of the Phœnicians, a city sprang into existence at his word. The site he chose was a fine one: it was on a slip of

land situated between the Lake Mareotis and the Mediterranean. There was an island in front of it, which afforded shelter for vessels, and formed a port; and on the other side there was a port on the lake, to which the products of Egypt and Nubia were conveyed by the Nile, which communicated with the lake.

Pliny gives a short account of the manner in which Dinocrates, or, as he calls him, Dinochares, proceeded with his work. "Building the city upon a wide space of ground, 15 miles in circumference, he formed it in the circular shape of a chlamys, uneven at the edge, giving it an angular projection on the right and left; while at the same time he devoted one-fifth part of the site to the royal palace." As the city was to be the great place of exchange for the products of Asia, Africa, and Europe, the chief thing to be done was to form a communication between the outer and inner ports; so he constructed a wide road between them; and then at right angles to it,—intersecting it at about the middle of its course,—he laid out the principal street of the town, 100 ft. wide. This street ran almost parallel with the seashore, and was called the Bruchion. This grand way was lined with palaces and other public buildings. A similar street is to be found in all cities built about this period. At Damascus, in the street called Straight; at Pomspeopolis and in the deserted towns of the Hauran.

This rectangular arrangement was first adopted by Hippodamus, who built Rhodes, and was celebrated as an architect of cities. Around the Bruchion were grouped those magnificent edifices which gave renown to Alexandria. Such were the Serapeion, which was built on an eminence, and approached by 100 steps; and the museum, which contained the Alexandrine Library.

After Alexander's death, Egypt fell to the lot of his lieutenant, Ptolemy Soter, who enlarged and improved the imperial city by connecting the island with the mainland by means of a jetty called the Heptastadion, and building on it the celebrated lighthouse which was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. He was the founder of the family of Lagidæ, who reigned in Egypt till the time of the Cæsars. He and his successors took a pride in decorating the capital. The palace of the Ptolemies, the monument of Alexander, the theatre, the Posidion, Timoneum, Gymnasium, Paneum, and Hippodrome, were all erected by them in and around the Bruchion. Thus Alexandria became the finest and most prosperous city in the Levant, at about the time of the commencement of the Christian era. Three centuries after it began to decline; for, as it became the theatre of many of those violent political and religious convulsions which preceded the fall of Paganism, one of which has been so powerfully described by the author of "*Hypatia*," it suffered

fearfully in each outbreak, and was devastated by the revolted and by the repressers of revolt, till its final destruction was consummated by Amrou, the lieutenant of Caliph Omar, who took possession of it A.D. 641, and burnt the Alexandrine Library, the loss of which was greater than would be that of all the libraries at present existing in England and France. What was the extent and magnificence of Alexandria at that time may be gathered from the report of Amrou to his chief, in which he mentions that the city contained 4,000 palaces, 4,000 public baths, 400 circuses, and 12,000 gardens; so that even in the time of its decadence its inhabitants did not lack places of amusement. Subsequently, it fell into utter decay, and became an immense heap of ruins. Le Brun, who visited it in the seventeenth century, says he "never saw anywhere finer ruins." He describes the remains of the Palace of Cleopatra; the obelisk called the Needle and Pompey's Pillar, and adds that he saw very few inhabitants amongst the ruins. In 1777, there were only 6,000 residents, in the place of 600,000 who occupied it in the time of the Lagidæ.

Since the commencement of the nineteenth century, however, owing greatly to the energetic character of Mahomet Ali, but more especially to the circumstance that it has become our stopping-place on our road to India, the prosperity

of Alexandria has revived, and it has again become one of the most flourishing places in the Levant. Its pristine grandeur has been replaced by modern comfort. We were astonished on landing, after being accustomed to the semi-barbarous squalidness of the Frank quarters in Stamboul, Smyrna, and Beyrout, to encounter here certain signs of European civilisation in its rows of handsome houses, having an air of English comfort about them,—in a square laid out with some degree of taste, and surrounded by consular residences and hotels, and, above all, in the handsome carriages drawn by spirited horses, which whirl about the sandy streets of the town in place of rickety arabas like those which mount the tortuous narrow lanes that lead from Galata to Pera. Most, if not all, this life and prosperity is owing to Anglo-Saxon gold and Anglo-Saxon enterprise, which alone seem to have the power of animating the dead East.

The modern town is built almost entirely upon the Heptastadion, which from a jetty became a wide isthmus ; and, owing to this position, it enjoys the sea-breeze from whatever side it blows. Here is situated the great square. On emerging from it the traveller who has not studied a plan of the town before his arrival is surprised to find that on all sides but one his peregrinations are stopped by the sea. By going southwards, he, however, can get clear of the modern town, and, after passing the

Arab walls, will find himself among the heaps of sand which alone mark the site of the ancient palaces of Alexandria. He will find but few traces of its ancient splendour. The most renowned is the falsely-called Pompey's Pillar. It stands a few hundred yards outside the gates of the town. Before reaching it, he will pass a forest of date-palms covered with bunches of tempting fruit. He will also have an opportunity of examining the towers of the ancient fortifications, which present internally interesting examples of Saracenic vaulting.

The column—which has been ascertained from a half-obliterated inscription to have been erected by one Publius, in honour of Diocletian—consists of a granite shaft, with Corinthian capital and base, standing on a pedestal. It is about 100 ft. high, and appears to have sustained a statue. In the sandy mounds adjoining the Arab villages near the column are to be seen some catacombs adorned with Christian paintings.

Cleopatra's Needle—(which formerly lay in this neighbourhood, and is now to be seen on the Thames Embankment, thanks to the public spirit of Mr. Erasmus Wilson and the energy of Mr. Dixon)—is one of two obelisks brought from the Temple of Heliopolis—the On of Scripture—near Cairo.

Let the traveller to Alexandria beware that there is no place where there is such an abuse of *baksheesh*.

Spoilt by Indian travellers, the Arab population live upon *baksheesh*. It is the first word the traveller hears upon landing, and the parting salutation he receives upon leaving. If pestered beyond endurance, we counsel him to follow the example of our fat friend, who, when surrounded in the Cairo railway station by a knot of Arabs (each of whom had lent a finger to aid in the transport of our friend's luggage, and who kept up a continual croaking chorus of "*Baksheesh! Baksheesh!*" in every possible tone of voice), feigned to be deaf and dumb, and talked to them volubly on his fingers. Their cries and vociferations ended in wonder, and, beckoning their neighbours to come and see the wonderful man who had got no tongue, they allowed him quietly to establish himself in the railway carriage. Nor was the charm broken till, as the train was starting, he called out to them from the windows, "*Baksheesh* is dead and buried long ago. I went to his funeral in America;" leaving those who understood the English language to translate his speech to the rest.

XI.

FATHER NILE.

As we pass along the banks of the famous river which are bordered as far as the eye can reach with waving crops of green maize, interspersed with the bursting pods of cotton, and overtopped by groves of date-palms,—as we wind along the narrow paths spared by the rapidly-increasing waters, and listen to the Arabs rejoicing as the flood mounts higher and higher,—we cannot but contrast the effects produced upon the soil by the annual inundation of the Nile with that produced by floods in other countries ; nor can we help being struck by the cheerfulness it produces amongst the population here, while elsewhere a flood is a great calamity, and is the cause of confusion, mourning, and lamentation. We particularly remember when at one period of our lives it was our fate to reside on the top of a mountain in Asia Minor, overlooking a vast plain, which was intersected by a river noted in ancient history, that after a few weeks of constant rain, we were one night roused from our slumbers by a combination of apparently unearthly noises, by an incessant stamping of hundreds of hoofs on the rocky road which led to our dwelling, mingled with bleating,

neighing, baying, hoarse shouts and occasional shots, such as might have led us, had we been Easterns, to believe that our lonely hut was besieged by a legion of jins and demons. Upon rushing out, revolver in hand, we were as much mystified as before, for we saw in the dim light a number of black forms approaching by a series of leaps. When, however, our trusty but not very watchful guards had been aroused from their slumbers, they explained to us that these leaping forms were those of droves of horses from the plains, hobbled to prevent them from running away, accompanied by goats, sheep, and oxen, all compelled by the rising flood to take refuge on our mountain, and that the shots and cries were signals made by those drovers who had already escaped to warn their fellows to follow them to the heights. The next day we saw that the ancient river had burst its banks, and that where yesterday there were farmyards, homesteads, and cultivated fields, there was to-day but a lake of sluggish water some four or five miles broad. Days of labour of ploughing and sowing had been rendered useless, and all the seed sown in the fields swept away in one night. All communication was cut off from the opposite side of the valley for at least a month, and both peasant and proprietors suffered considerable loss. But in Egypt, on the contrary, the higher the water the greater the crop, and a good high flood means a year of plenty. The

bounteous slime of Father Nile fertilises the otherwise arid sand, and makes it bring forth all green things in abundance. We reflect on this as we pass along his banks, and we sum up how much the whole world, and even we ourselves, owe to this parent of streams. Not a little, truly; for the germs of the entire family of the arts and sciences were, so to speak, engendered in his slime.

All great cities were in ancient times founded upon rivers which bore their argosies upon their bosoms, and supplied them with water for drinking, for ablution, and for purification. No wonder, then, that such a prodigy of a river, which, in addition to these benefits, fertilised the country near it every year, attracted one of the earliest of nations to settle on its banks. Their territory, by its very shape,—that of a long strip of land on the borders of the river, 500 miles long by about 15 broad, surrounded by deserts at the sides, and difficult of approach from the sea,—protected the inhabitants from invasion, and allowed them to cultivate the arts of peace century after century.

The excessive clearness of the atmosphere in this region, and the consequent brightness of the heavenly bodies, led these early settlers to study the stars, and thus they became the originators of *astronomical science*. Although they did not learn to map out the stars according to the signs of the zodiac (as the zodiacal table carved at Dendera would at first

sight lead people to suppose), but learned the signs from the Greeks, yet they must have been acquainted with them from the earliest time; for we find that they symbolised the rising of the Nile by that mysterious figure, the Sphinx, which is half woman, half lion, to represent a combination of Leo and Virgo, because the inundation occurs when the sun passes through the houses of these two constellations.

Again, when the Nile deposited his annual load of mud he destroyed all boundaries and removed all landmarks; therefore the owners of fields had to make observations, so that when the water had subsided they could, by means of triangulation, establish their former boundaries: hence the origin of *geometry* or the measuring of the earth, and hence the business of the land-surveyor.

But more important than all to them was the management of the irrigation. They soon found out that if Father Nile rose 18 cubits they should roll in plenty, but that if he rose only 8 cubits they should be pinched by famine: consequently, long before the time of Joseph, engineers constructed vast dykes, drains, lakes, reservoirs, canals, and locks, to regulate the supply of water. One of their kings constructed the Lake Mœris, to receive the superabundant water in years of great floods, in order that it might be conveyed to the fields by means of canals and locks when the flood was

low. Everywhere in the valley of the Nile may be seen traces of these works. Who can doubt, then, that the Egyptians were the inventors of *engineering*?

Their road to the Pyramids and the machines used in their construction are other proofs that they had some knowledge of mechanical science; and if further evidence is required, can we not assert that the Suez Canal, which has been re-opened through the energy of M. de Lesseps, was originally their work? Hear what Herodotus says about it:—"This prince (Necho) was the first that began the canal leading to the Erythræan Sea, an undertaking which Darius the Persian in later times continued. The length of this cut is a voyage of four days; its breadth is made such that two triremes may pull abreast. It begins a little above the city of Bubastes, and ends in the Erythræan Sea, not far from the Arabian town of Patumos."

Strabo gives further particulars respecting it. He says, that Darius desisted from the work when it was nearly finished, "influenced by an erroneous opinion that the level of the Red Sea was higher than Egypt, and that if the whole of the intervening isthmus were cut through, the country would be overflowed by the sea. We see that history repeats itself, as far as erroneous opinion goes. Would that our engineers, who reported on the scheme

for making the canal, had read Strabo before penning their report, for he goes on to say, "The Ptolemaic kings, however, did cut through it, and placed locks upon the canal, so that they sailed when they pleased without obstruction into the outer sea and back again."

Other feats were performed by their engineers. A chamber, hewn out of a solid block of stone measuring 21 cubits outside, by 14 by 8, was conveyed from Elephanta to Sais, a twenty days' voyage in those times. It took two thousand men ten years to effect its transport.

As to the *fine arts*, Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians were "the first to erect altars, images, temples, and to invent the carving of figures in stone;" that is to say—the first architects, painters, and sculptors;—grand monuments of this *architecture* still remain in the stupendous temples of Thebes, Dendera, Edfou, and Philæ, and are likely to remain when our more scientifically constructed structures have crumbled into dust. At first the cells of their temples were roofed with single stones; as the temples increased in size they required columns for the support of these roofs. These columns, at first square and short, became polygonal and round, and increased in height by degrees, till at last they were crowned with capitals representing the lotus and the palm. Subsequently the one cell was multiplied to three or four,

approached through courts and by a *dromos* bordered by sphinxes.

The Greeks borrowed the *dromos*, or sacred way, from Egypt. The Temple of Apollo, near Miletus, was approached by such a *via sacra* lined with seated figures, quite Egyptian in character, and resembling the statues of Memnon on the plain of Thebes in general style. Several of these figures are now to be seen in the British Museum. The Greeks also borrowed from the Egyptian temples the Temenos, or outer court, and the Pronaos and Naos, but they departed from the original type by placing their columns outside, instead of inside, their temples.

One of the most extensive architectural works of the Egyptians was the Labyrinth, near Lake Moëris, which was used as a House of Assembly for the representatives of the different divisions of the country. There were 3,000 chambers in it—1,500 on the lower and 1,500 on the upper story. Twelve courts surrounded it, and a single wall bounded it. Remains of the Labyrinth still exist, and have been fully described by Lepsius.

As to their *sculpture*, no one who has studied the Egyptian lions, bulls, rams, and human figures in the British Museum and Louvre, could deny that they are copied closely from nature, and every one must allow that though art in Egypt became conventional at too early an epoch, and was content to

repeat itself for centuries, the colossi and other similar statues were great achievements for so early a period of artistic knowledge.

As to their *painting*, or rather the use made of it, we may learn a lesson from them. They covered the walls of their public buildings with historical pictures. We for the most part leave ours blank. Some countries have imitated them, why should not we? Munich, by the pictures on her Isar Thor, outside her Pinacothek, and in the arcade of the Hof Garden, teaches her people lessons—pleasant, picturesque, and, we hope, profitable. We hitherto have shown a preference for whitewash.

We have seen that Astronomy, Geometry, Land-surveying, Engineering, Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, had their origin on the banks of the Nile, and that even we of the nineteenth century might learn something from the ancient Egyptians. Our rulers, too, might learn something from their rulers, for in the islands of Rhoda and Elephanta there are wells communicating with the river, with columns standing in them, on which were registered the heights of the various inundations, and according to this registry the taxes were arranged on a sort of sliding scale. If the river was high, the taxes for the year were raised; if low, they were reduced. We fear it will be long before our Government will follow their example and make allowances for "hard times."

Such was Egypt of the earliest times. Under the Mahometan rule its engineering works were neglected, and its canals and reservoirs became choked up. The natural fertility, however, is so great that the country flourishes notwithstanding these disasters; and there is reason to believe that under an enterprising Government the valley of the Nile might become one vast garden for cottons and cereals. What are we about, that we ignore this field for enterprise, though it is our half-way house on the road to India,—that we allow Frenchmen to have the merit of opening the way for us, and of gaining that influence in the country,—which a successful undertaking will always give the nation that carries it through,—among an Eastern people? We are but poor “slow coaches” after all. It is thirty years since Professor Wheatstone’s invention for spelling words slowly by means of electricity was exhibited in the Adelaide Gallery, and we have not yet girdled the earth with our electric telegraphs. It is fifty years since railways were invented, and yet we have not constructed one by way of Bagdad, across the easy desert, to our twin empire in the East, though we were in a sad strait for one some years ago, and almost lost possession of India for want of it. Meanwhile we might shorten the journey to India by a few days at least, by completing the railway on the banks of the Nile as far as Thebes,

and then making one across the desert to Kosseir ; we might dig up the harbour of Berenice, of Portus Albus, or the Myos-hormos of the ancient world, and spare our travellers the dangers and discomfort of a voyage down part of the Red Sea at least ;—we might then build our winter villas on the banks of the Nile, and follow the noble pioneers, Burton, Stanley, Grant, Speke, Livingstone, Cameron, Baker, and Gordon in the conquest and civilisation of the savages of the interior of Africa.

XII.

LATAKIA.

WE were roused from our slumbers by the splash of the anchor in the water, and the rattle of the chain through the hawse-holes, and hurrying on deck beheld a peaceful prospect which amply compensated for the unrest of the day before. The sea was as calm as an inland lake—or rather as a mill-pond; for who has not seen billows upon the bosom of gentle Leman, or contended against boisterous waves upon the Lake of Lucerne? The ship's boat, carrying the mails, which had just quitted the ship's side, left two long, diverging lines of ripples in her wake as she sped on her way to the harbour, impelled by lusty oarsmen. A long line of high, white wall, with a small kiosk at the end of it, terminated by another wall (of Roman workmanship), formed one side of a small harbour, the other side was formed by a rude breakwater. The harbour was surrounded by trees. At the distance of about a mile from the harbour, on a low hill rose the flat-roofed houses and minarets of a large town. This was Latakia, whose name is familiar to every smoker as the mart of good tobacco. Rich vegetation—unusual on the coast of Syria—rejoiced our eyes on every side.

Beyond the town were visible the peaks of mountains, which bordered the great inland plain, which is a continuation of the valley of the Bekaa.

We immediately put off for the shore, and landed amongst the few caiques anchored near the douane. As there were no other mode of locomotion, we walked through the tobacco plantations and fig groves to the town. We found in its streets manifest tokens of the presence of the Crusaders in the architecture of some of the houses. But as our time was but short, and as our chief object was to visit the remains of classical antiquity, we hurried past them to the eastern end of the town, where we were rewarded by the sight of four Corinthian columns, standing at the end of a street, and partly enclosed by a modern wall. Three of these columns were in line; the fourth stood so as to form a right angle with the others. The architraves were perfect, with an enriched frieze on the inner side. The ornaments consisted chiefly of grapes and vine leaves, pointing to the dedication of a temple—to Bacchus. We could not thoroughly examine these ruins, as the tomb of a santan has been built into them, and the Mahometans objected to our entering.

A few hundred yards from the columns stood a triumphal arch. It was square on plan, with engaged Corinthian columns at the angles. Two faces are surmounted by pediments; on the other two the arches are lower. The whole was sur-

mounted by an attic adorned with sculptured trophies. This is one of the finest specimens of Roman architecture in Syria.

We found no other remains worthy of study, so after sketching the temple and triumphal arch, returned to the port and embarked for Tripoli.

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I.

THE DISCOVERY OF A PRE-HISTORIC FORTIFICATION.

It seems incredible, but it is no less true, that certain districts of Italy are as little known as the centre of Asia Minor. Amongst these may be mentioned the Maremma, that vast tract of swampy, fever-haunted country which borders the sea between Leghorn and Civita Vecchia. In former days, when railways were unknown, the only frequented roads to Rome from the north were those by Siena and Orvieto or Perugia and Terni. Few cared to follow the coast line where no towns of any size existed and where the alberghi were of the most miserable description. Even now, though there is a railway through the Maremma, the accommodation for those who wish to linger on the road is still so bad that but few travellers desire to stop between Leghorn and Rome. As this desolate district has but few attractions except for archæologists who wish to explore the sites of Etruscan cities, I was not much surprised to hear from Mr. Heath Wilson, of Florence, in April, 1877, that his friend, Count Bossi, a devoted

sportsman, who shoots in the Maremma every winter, had seen in an unfrequented spot, on a mountain in the midst of a thick wood, a wall of unusual extent, and of great height and breadth, which on account of its remote position had apparently never been noticed by travellers. From its situation, which was said to be some miles north of Grosseto, I imagined it might be the wall of the long-lost city of Vetulonia. Mr. Dennis, the accomplished author of "*Etruria*," certainly places Vetulonia at Magliano, several miles to the south of Grosseto, but it seemed to me that the situation of this great wall coincided more nearly with that of the ruins described as those of Vetulonia by Alberti, a writer of the sixteenth century, who states that "in a wooded district, not far from Populonia, there is an immensely long wall, which encloses a great extent of country, built of boulders put together without cement." He goes on to describe the ruins of temples and of an amphitheatre within its circuit, and he adds that the territory was called Tolomeo.

Although it was evident that this great wall was at a greater distance from Populonia than that mentioned by Alberti, I concluded that, as Alberti had not seen the site himself, but had copied his account from an early MS. written by Zaccaria Zachia, an antiquary of Volterra,—he could not be expected to be exact as to details, and that most probably this

site would turn out to be that of Vetulonia. I accordingly volunteered to inspect the ruins, Count Bossi having kindly offered to accompany me thither in the month of May. Fortunately the spring was unusually cool, or the middle of May would have been too late for exploration in the Maremma. I left Rome on the 17th of that month, and after eight hours' ride by rail through a country interesting to none but antiquaries, as it was chiefly marsh land, with few inhabitants, but with many sites of Etruscan cities—Corneto, Cosa, Orbetello, &c.—I arrived at the station of Monte Pescale. The town of Monte Pescale is situated on an eminence some six miles from the sea. Here we spent the night, and the next morning at daybreak mounted our horses with great hopes of making an important discovery. On the north lay a plain three miles wide, partly of marshy land, bounded on the north by a range of hills upon which stand the towns of Colonna and Massa Maritima. Behind us to the west was a high mountain, Monte Leone. This and all the neighbouring hills were covered with brushwood and forest trees. This country is chiefly the property of the Marchese Corsi Salviati, the largest landed proprietor in this part of the Maremma. Descending from Monte Pescale to the plain, after an hour's ride, we began to ascend the slopes of the lower range of Monte Leone, following a road to the south through thick underwood. After two

hours' ride, my companion pointed out to me some portions of the wall, visible at a distance of about two miles, on the west side of the mountain. These fragments were inaccessible from our side on account of intervening ravines. In two hours more we had made the circuit of the south side of the mountain, and had ascended to a height of some 600 feet above the plain. From a turn in the road here we could perceive the walls of the Etruscan city of Rusellæ, distant about six miles; and on the east side of Monte Leone, about a mile from the summit, another portion of the great wall. We were subsequently joined by two gamekeepers, who conducted us through the brushwood to various spots where an examination was practicable. At first sight, the wall appeared to be a mere heap of stones, but after I had inspected it at half-a-dozen places, some miles apart, I found that it had been regularly constructed of boulders put together without cement and without any sort of fitting like that of the Etruscan walls; that it was 20 ft. in thickness, and, in the higher part I saw, 7 ft. in height. This, I should imagine, would be about one-third of the full height, as the soil must have accumulated at least 7 ft. or 8 ft., and the upper stones must have fallen down in the course of centuries. It was impossible to follow the line of the wall to any great distance, as it was overgrown with thick brushwood—chiefly heather—at least

20 ft. in height, but I could trace the direction of the wall in various places. It seemed to encircle the whole of the upper part of Monte Leone—following the contour of the lower spurs, sometimes descending into ravine and sometimes ascending rather steep hills. It was not quite continuous, as in places it appeared to have been broken away, but there were no traces of regular gates. On one of the lower spurs there was a semi-circular line of defence, with an outer line of wall only 6 ft. thick, following the same curve, and about 30 ft. distant from the main wall, apparently forming a sort of outwork.* It is difficult to tell accurately the full extent of the wall, but it would appear to be from 10 to 15 miles in circuit, for it was in sight for fully eight hours, and supposing that we forced our way through the brushwood at only two miles an hour, as we rode as nearly as possible parallel to the line of wall, 15 or 16 miles would be, approximately, the length of the wall.

My reasons for thinking this enclosure to be earlier than Roman or Etruscan times are these: The Romans and Etruscans built with a certain degree of regularity, and with large stones. This wall is irregularly built of comparatively small stones, any one of which could be carried by four men, and there are no marks of tools on any of the faces.

* This curved wall may have been mistaken by Zachia for an amphitheatre.

Again, had there been a city here of such magnitude, three times as large as Veii or Tarquinia, its name at least would have been recorded. At one time I thought this might have been a camp of the Gauls, who were defeated near this spot by the Romans, B.C. 225, but the great extent and thickness of the wall altogether preclude the idea.

I believe it to have been a work of defence constructed by an early tribe to enclose their territory and several settlements of huts built of wood or other perishable material. At the same time, it seems probable that this wall may have been seen by Zachia, and described by him as being that of Vetulonia, that the semi-circular rampart was mistaken by him for an amphitheatre, and that the ruins of the temple existed only in his imagination. One fact confirmatory of this view is that a great part of this country belongs to the family of Tolomeo, who have intermarried with the Corsi Salviati family. This coincides with Alberti's remark :—" *Quel luogo da Tolomeo Vetulonia nominato. . . e se deve scrivere questo luogo Itulonio, e cosi si vede esser corrotto Tolomeo.*"

The nature of the ground prevented any researches within the circuit of the walls, but I hope to return to the spot during some cool season, and to examine the precincts at my leisure. There

will be no remains of buildings to be found, but there must be a necropolis rich in pre-historic relics.

My friend, Mr. Dennis, in his second edition of "Etruria," gives excellent reasons why this could not have been the site of the real Vetulonia.

II.

CORNETO.

THIS picturesque town is situated on a range of heights about six miles from the seashore, about fifteen miles north of Civita Vecchia, and two miles from the station. Looking from the railway, one sees a long range of hoary walls, with high towers rising at intervals, crowning the summit of the hill. This is Corneto, the "Queen of the Maremma;" the successor of Tarquinia—the greatest of the Etruscan cities; the birthplace of the Tarquins, of the early Kings of Rome, who taught the Romans the use of the arch, and to whom the imperial city was indebted for its more lasting monuments—the agger of Servius Tullius, of which extensive remains have been lately laid bare in the excavations around St. Maria Maggiore, and the Cloaca Maxima, the finest sewer of ancient times. So both architects and engineers have reason to regard Corneto with reverence. The most striking features of the town, whether seen from afar or near, are the high towers already mentioned. Tradition states that there were once a hundred of these colossal structures. About ten remain erect, and the substructure of about ten more can be

traced, incorporated into houses and other more modern constructions. Some are of great height; one near the cathedral is upwards of 100 ft. from the ground to the parapet. As these towers could not have been erected solely for defence against foreign foes, they must have been intended for defence against neighbours. Although these towers are common to many of the mediæval towns of Italy—Bologna, St. Gemignano, Toscanella, and others possess them—they are more numerous here than elsewhere, and therefore we may conclude that the people of Corneto were more than usually quarrelsome. Their great height, which certainly was not necessary for purposes of defence alone, was probably owing to family pride. Human nature is emulous in all ages, and here the ambition to excel was manifested by the erection of lofty towers. These towers, as well as the walls of the city, are built of excellent ashlar; the stones average about 2 feet by 1 foot, and the walls all batter.

On entering the principal gateway of the town one finds oneself in a small piazza, planted on one side by the garden of a café, in which are to be seen some rude, disproportioned Etruscan figures,—covers of sarcophagi brought from the neighbouring necropolis, apparently to give piquancy to the festive enjoyment of those who assemble to regale themselves at the café, by the grim contrast of a *memento mori*. On the opposite side of the piazza

there is a beautiful Gothic palazzo of the Vitalesch, family, erected in the early part of the fifteenth century. It is now partly occupied as an albergho, but I should advise travellers not to be beguiled by the beauty of the exterior, but to seek quarters in the Albergho Nuovo, which is cleaner and more comfortable than the palazzo. The front of the palace is plain, without buttresses; the first story of rough masonry, the upper part of excellent ashlar with sunk joints. One end of the façade is higher than the rest, and has the original machicolated parapet. In this part there are some pointed three-light windows with elaborate geometrical tracery in the heads, showing that the Gothic styles were almost two centuries later in Italy than in other countries, as geometrical tracery was disused in England in the fourteenth century, though it lingered in France until the fifteenth.

These windows deserve special notice on account of the richness of their ornamentation. They are surrounded by cable moulds, enclosing flat bands of foliage in low relief. The mullions are twisted columns, and the tracery consists of a central circle containing a hexafoil, surrounded by six cusped semicircles enclosed in a second circle; the lower cusps are enriched with ball flowers. The other windows are, generally speaking, two-light lancets. The syndic of the town informed me that the municipality hoped to be able to purchase this palace in

order to make it into a museum like the Bargello at Florence. He has got together a very fine collection of vases, &c., from the necropolis; at present it is housed in the old prison for clerical offenders, which is not a commodious place. This collection contains, amongst other fine examples, the largest tazza I ever saw, a painted sarcophagus, and several valuable bronzes, and it is to be hoped that the public-spirited syndic may be enabled to obtain a more fitting habitation for these treasures. At the back of the palace lies the older portion of the town. Here you at once get amongst the remains of the towers. In one street I saw no less than four of various heights. The lower parts of these structures here, and at Viterbo—where there are a few that have been curtailed of their original dimensions—are built of rough bossy masonry to a height of about 20 ft. Then begins the ashlar. It has been supposed without reason that the lower parts at least were erected by the Etruscans, and used as dwellings; but I do not think that the hill on which the mediæval Corneto stands formed any part of the city, or even of the arx of Tarquinia, but that it was part of the necropolis, as I found that the albergho was built upon an Etruscan sepulchre cut in the rock, to which I descended by some forty or fifty steps.

Passing through a gate in the walls on this the north side of the town, I suddenly came upon a most

picturesque group of buildings; in front was the façade of a Romanesque cathedral, approached by a wide flight of steps, on one side of it a second gate in the city wall leading by an abrupt descent to a deep valley, and on the other side a high tower, the highest in the city, joined to the outer fortifications.

The front of the cathedral was divided into three unequal compartments by buttresses resembling pilasters, the capitals of which sustained a deep corbel table. The central division had a doorway which had formerly been adorned with interlacing bands of mosaic, but all the tessaræ within reach had been removed. Above the door there was a fine two-light window, also ornamented with bands of mosaic. Small doors and windows similarly arranged occupied the side divisions, and above these, near the tower, there was a bell turret.

The interior presents an unaltered arrangement of about the year 1100. The plan is that of a nave with two aisles. The nave has five bays, measuring approximately 36 ft. by 34 ft. from centre to centre of the piers, each covered with a quadripartite vault. Each bay has an intermediate pier, supporting two round arches. The architecture is very massive. Each principal pier is of the plan of a Greek cross, 6 ft. from face to face, the re-entering angles being occupied by colonnettes, which sustain the vaulting ribs of the nave and aisles. The inter-

mediate piers are of the same dimensions, but in place of pilasters they have engaged semi-circular columns on the face towards the nave. These columns and the piers have capitals of rude foliage. The semi-columns range with the higher piers which support the vaulting. The central bay was originally crowned by a circular lantern or dome, which was destroyed by a storm some years ago. The stones of which this lantern was built are collected in one of the aisles, so that its restoration would be a very simple matter. The bay, which in our churches would be to the east, but which is here to the north, is devoted to the sanctuary; beyond it is a large apse. There are also apses to the aisles. The church is lighted by narrow windows—two wheel windows in the bay, where the lantern stood,—and by those already mentioned at what may be called, for form's sake, the west end.

The sanctuary has two levels, the lower one reached from the nave by three steps. In the centre stands a baldachin, with four columns and an architrave, but without the pyramidal covering generally seen. The altar is so placed that the celebrant must stand with his back to the apse and his face to the people. I have seen altars similarly placed at Terracina and Toscanella. The upper level upon which the altar stands is approached by a second flight, on the top of which there is a solid screen about 3 ft. 6 in. high, with an opening

on each side of the altar ; a large ambo, approached by two staircases like that in San Clement's at Rome, occupies one side of the bay near the sanctuary. The font is on an equally grand scale ; it entirely blocks up one bay of the aisle. It is octagonal, measuring 2 ft. 8 in. on each face, and having an external step or ledge one foot wide. Each face has four panels, each filled with a different sort of marble. The pavement of the church is partly "opus Alexandrium," and there are Etruscan and other inscriptions scattered about. This very interesting church stands on the edge of a precipice, and forms a most striking feature in the landscape when seen from outside its walls. Two smaller Romanesque churches stand in a similar position, that is to say, on the verge of the rocks which bound the valley on the north side of the city, forming a combination of bold outlines seldom presented to the sketcher.

There are several other Cornetan churches worth a visit. San Francesco is the chief of these. The architecture is of the same century as that of Sta. Maria de Castello, but rather lighter in character. The façades of these churches have generally a wheel window over the central doorway ; deep corbel tables, but no campaniles ; their builders must have thought that the town was too well provided with towers to need others. There is one exception, however, in a church near

the palace, which has a low tower and stunted spire.

But the chief renown of Corneto arises not from its churches nor from its towers, but from the necropolis adjoining it—the cemetery of ancient Tarquinia, where the finest painted tombs of Etruria exist. If you go outside the gate to the east, immediately opposite to that at which you entered, you see before you a wide valley, in the midst of which rises a plateau as high as the ground on which you stand; this table-land, which is grassy and tolerably level, is bordered by a range of low cliffs. It is about three miles long, half a mile wide, and about a mile distant from you as the crow flies. It was the site of Tarquinia, but there are literally no remains of its ancient grandeur. Mrs. Gray found a portion of the walls of the citadel existing at the extremity of the plateau, but there are no fortifications as in other Etruscan towns. The fact is, it is difficult to believe that here there once stood a city with temples and terraces—the rival of young Rome.

Nor has anything been discovered by recent excavations except some low walls, the remains of the Roman Municipium, founded on the more ancient site. On your right hand and on the same level as that on which you stand, you will see a range of much higher cliffs, and on the summit of the hill—which is a continuation of the height on

which Corneto stands—you will see several little houses, or rather sheds ; these are the entrances to the painted tombs of the necropolis, and erected to preserve the sepulchres from injury. The whole of this hill, as far as you can see, was the cemetery of Tarquinia, occupied by thousands of tombs, which have yielded treasures of art to all the museums in Europe. Fortunately, the painted tombs are considered national monuments, and as they are Government property, they are under the charge of a custode, whose business is to see that the paintings are preserved from wanton devastation by man and from injury from the elements. The keys of the door which closes the tombs are kept at the town hall, where the custode resides. I visited about a dozen (all that are shown) of these tombs in company with the guardian, an intelligent man, who takes an interest in the treasures under his charge.

The tombs have been so thoroughly described by Mr. Dennis and Mrs. Hamilton Gray that I must refer those who wish to study the subjects depicted on the walls to their interesting books. As their character is similar, a general description will perhaps suffice for my readers. The sepulchres consist of chambers cut in the rock approached by flights of steps ; some of these chambers are more than 20 ft. below the surface of the ground. They average about 20 ft. by 16 ft., and generally

have a bench of rock upon which the sarcophagi and vases were placed. The ceilings are sometimes flat, sometimes sloping, with imitation beams cut in the tufa. The doors consist of solid slabs—often ornamented with rude carvings—turning on pivots. Bands of colour mark the cornice and dado, and the intervening spaces are filled with figures half life-size, engaged in funeral feasts, hunting, racing, &c., from which you come to the conclusion that the “wakes” of the ancient Etruscans were scenes of merry-making instead of mourning. Tables groaning with all sorts of food; couches upon which loving couples are reclining; performers on the flute and pipe; and males and females, not perhaps pointing the “light fantastic toe,” but going through the measured paces of a classic dance—seem to us anything but appropriate for the decoration of a tomb.

There is one example of a different description. In the grotto of Typhon there is a figure of that monster, with wild dishevelled locks and fish's tail, on a central column, and on the walls groups of figures conducted to judgment by good genii and evil demons, so that here there is a certain effect of sublimity attained. The figures, too, are drawn in a bolder style than in the other sepulchres, which are most likely of earlier date. In this grotto, one of the largest, were found several sarcophagi; one or two with Roman

inscriptions. The colours employed in these paintings, which are in distemper on stucco, are red, blue, yellow, and of course black and white are used, but neither the subjects nor the modes of execution are alike in any two of the grottoes.

Excavations are still carried on by the Municipality (who carefully "preserve" the ground), with varying success; and during my visit I saw two fine vases turned up unbroken. Generally the vases and tazze are found in fragments, but these are put together in a wonderful way by a restorer who lives in the town. I saw some vases undergoing the operation of piecing, and it was effected in such a perfect manner that none but a connoisseur could detect the joints.

On the occasion of a second visit to Cortona in 1879, I inspected three other tombs lately discovered. The paintings on them were of the ordinary character, and do not call for special description.

III.

TOSCANELLA.

THE road from Corneto to Viterbo passes through the necropolis on the heights, which run parallel to the seashore. The ground on both sides is rough moorland, with hillocks here and there, marking the sites of tumuli which formerly covered the sepulchres. The soil is of no great depth, for the rock occasionally crops up, levelled and scarped in places where the entrances of rifled tombs occur. At a distance of about three miles from the town the road turns to the west, winding round the heads of the valleys which lie on either side of the platform on which stood Tarquinia. From this spot the view embraces Corneto, on a distant rocky promontory—the full length of the necropolis—the site of the more ancient city on a central tongue of land—and the valleys which intervene. From this point there is a gradual ascent to the village of Monte Romano, so named from a hillock near, which is too large to have been a tumulus. Thence to Viterbo the road passes over a bleak upland, intersected by numerous gullies, the cliffs of which are pierced by Etruscan caves and sepulchres. Two of the most remarkable of these sets of tombs, Norchia and Castel D'Asso, lie

in ravines about half way from Vetralla and Montefiascone (a town built on a detached mountain which is visible some twenty miles to the north, across the barren table-land). Bieda di San Giovanni, another Etruscan site, lies about two hours to the east of Vetralla, and about the same distance west the towers of Viterbo form a picturesque group at the foot of a range of wooded hills.

Viterbo, a town of some importance, figured in history as the residence of the Popes in the thirteenth century and the place where Henry of Cornwall was assassinated by Guy de Montfort. It is celebrated for its fountains and its beautiful women. The finest of the fountains has lately been restored in a style which has no resemblance to that of the Middle Ages; and as to its pretty women, they all kept indoors when we were there. Near the cathedral, which has been modernised, there are some fine fragments of an archiepiscopal palace. On one side of the Cathedral Piazza there is an interesting two-storied building; the lower part has had a loggia, with two bold semi-circular arches and a central column with square abacus. The upper story has two round-arched windows, filled with geometrical tracery—an example of the late use of the round arch, as the date of the building is of fourteenth century. Near it rises a high campanile attached to the aisle of the cathedral, with four stages of coupled geometrical windows and a low

pyramidal roof. Near the door of the bishop's palace there is a wide flat arch supporting what has been a rich open gallery of seven arcades, with bold intersecting tracery, and above it a cornice of lions and shields in alternate square compartments. This piazza affords the finest collection of Gothic "bits" in the town. The doorway of a church near the Municipium has some singularly delicate carving of foliage and figures running round it on a flat band. Other Gothic work there is none. The museum is not worth the name, as it contains only a few red and black vases and some very rude sarcophagi from Castel D'Asso; there are, however, some rather long Etruscan inscriptions worth careful copying.

I drove six miles out of the town to visit the ruins of the Roman city of Ferentino. I found it in a desolate spot,—and like most sites originally Etruscan,—on a promontory surrounded by cliffs. The theatre alone is well preserved; all its other buildings have disappeared. They were built of small coarse stones, fragments of which lie scattered over the site. Hardly a single piece of marble or of fine stone is to be seen, nor are there any inscriptions above ground. I cannot agree with those who describe this as the site of an important city, nor do I think that excavations would produce any satisfactory result. The reason given for the destruction of this town by the inhabitants of Viterbo, in the thirteenth century, is a strange one. The

Ferentines would persist in representing Our Lord on the cross with His eyes open, which the Viterbians considered rank heresy; therefore they marched against Ferentino and destroyed it. Had I known a few days before I started for Toscanella that the postman between Viterbo and Orte had been shot by brigands, I should perhaps have hesitated before deciding to go in the post-cart. But being unaware of the catastrophe, and knowing that that would be the most rapid mode of conveyance, I mounted by the side of the post-boy in the barrocino which conveys the mails daily across the centre of the table-land which I crossed in coming from Corneto. We met four gendarmes on the road. I was surprised to see what seemed to me unusual precautions; however, we were not molested, and jogged or rolled on to our destination, as the state of the roads permitted. In two-and-a-half hours we sighted the distant town of Toscanella—ancient Tuscania—which is seldom mentioned in historical record, but which seems to have been an offshoot of the great Tarquinia.

There is something strange, or, to use a more appropriate term, “weird,” in the approach to Toscanella. On descending from the table-land by a winding road a deep ravine is entered, bounded on both sides by precipices honeycombed with sepulchres. In your front, in the midst of the ravine, rises an isolated hill encircled by high walls, con-

necting five massive towers of unequal height. On the summit of the hill, and in the midst of this enclosure, stands a deserted Romanesque church. The principal feature of its façade is an immense wheel window, which is visible from a great distance. You pass round the side of this hill, and then skirt another eminence of equal height, upon which stands the ruin of a Gothic castle. At the foot of this hill there is a second deserted church with a detached bell tower. After leaving these hills, you ascend to the gate of the town and pass through it to a small piazza, on one side of which there is a blank wall, surmounted by a row of disproportioned figures of Etruscan dignitaries on the tops of the covers of sarcophagi. At Volterra these recumbent figures have their heads too large for their bodies ; here the bodies are too long for their heads. All that you see belongs to a former world, and it is by the merest chance that you meet a living being in the course of your progress. No word expresses the whole scene but "weird." Sepulchral caves, skeleton castles, ghostly towers, deserted churches, and, as a climax, monstrous Etruscan Lucumones smiling a mock welcome to you on your entrance to the old-world town.

All round seemed to me typical of decay and death. Nor did things wear a brighter aspect when I reached the house of Signor Campanara, the accomplished antiquary, whose collection of antiquities

has been so lauded by former travellers. I found but his widow, who told me that his collection had been dispersed. She said I was welcome to see his once celebrated garden, but that, alas! then was nothing but rubbish. I found the model of the Etruscan tomb still remaining, but the sarcophagus was partly filled with lumber, and the vases were for the most part broken. Nothing of the slightest value remained.

The town itself possesses no attractions, and the albergho is worse than is usual in an out-of-the-way place. Beyond the walls there was a vast Etruscan cemetery, but none of the tombs which possessed any characteristic features remain uncovered. The chief interest of Toscanella lies in the two churches which are seen when approaching the town, and these are worthy of far deeper study than the passing traveller has time for. Fortunately the extreme poverty of the town has prevented their restoration, so that everything remains in them as in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. As national monuments they are placed under the charge of a *custode* appointed by Government. To begin with St. Peter's, that on the hill furthest from the town. A paved path leads to the west central door (I employ the terms E., W., N. and S., as though the church were orientated—which it is not,—in order to make the description more clear to ecclesiologists), but is grass-grown, showing that the church is seldom visited

except by an occasional traveller. This central door has three orders of mouldings : flat faces with beads on the edge ; these rest on marble columns. The tympanum, lintel, and mouldings have been enriched with mosaics, which have in part perished. Immediately above the semi-circular arch of the doorway there is a string course, and above it a small arcade of twelve arches resting on small columns and flanked by bold figures of dragons. A bold corbel table divides the upper stage of the front from the lower. The upper stage, which is about half the height of the lower, has shallow buttresses at the angles. In the centre, in a square recess, is a magnificent wheel window, the angles being filled with emblems of the Evangelists. The intermediate space between this square and the buttresses is occupied by two narrow two-light windows, the intervening spaces being filled with elaborate ornamentation in low relief. The whole is surmounted by a second corbel table and the gable of the flat nave roof. The aisles, which are wide, have each a doorway with rich mouldings in an arcade of four arches above. The cornice of the aisles is continued on the front until it meets the nave, which has a slight projection. The most prominent sculptures are two half figures of bulls which project beneath the buttresses of the nave. All the sculptures are quite sharp, and being in white marble the effect of them in a strong sunshine is quite dazzling. The interior is remark-

able for its extreme simplicity, and has a lofty nave, wide arches, marble columns, with semi-classical capitals. The arrangements of the chancel are very unusual. There is an apse and a square sanctuary in front approached by six steps: on the top of these steps there are four plain altars of stone so arranged that the celebrant must in every case stand at the east side, as at Corneto. There is a high choir enclosure, ornamented with arcade and Runic knots. The high altar stands beneath a baldachin which has four semi-circular arches resting on four marble columns, and is surmounted by a pyramidal roof. The roofs are of timber, low pitched, framed with tie beams and king posts. With the exception of some traces of figures at the east end, all the decorative painting has disappeared. In the aisle there are pseudo-baldachins. The crypt under the east end is approached by staircases in the aisle; it is very extensive, and is supposed to have been erected on the site of a Roman bath. This is one of the few churches where the original choir remains undisturbed.

About a quarter of a mile from St. Peter's, in a hollow, lies the equally interesting church of St. Mary, of rather later date. It has a detached campanile in front of it—a similar arrangement of doors, arcade, and wheel window, but the mouldings are bolder and resemble those of twelfth-century architecture in France. An excellent representation of

this façade is to be seen in Fergusson's "History of Architecture." It was followed almost exactly in Wilton Church, near Salisbury, but in the original building we have the charm of age, and it will require many years of storm and tempest to give a mellow tone to the handsome west front at Wilton.

IV.

NARNI, SPOLETO, GUBBIO.

THE *banquette* of a diligence is a pleasant place in fine weather when you are travelling through a picturesque country and when it is not crowded. For that reason I climbed to the *banquette* of the diligence which left Viterbo for Orte the day after my return from Toscanella, in the hope of seeing something of the scenery between these places. But my hopes were doomed to be disappointed, for there had been a cattle fair near the town, and as soon as we got outside the gates our vehicle was stormed by a crowd of fat drovers, who swarmed up on every side and settled like bees wherever there were a few inches available for a seat. This invasion was partly owing to the panic caused by the robbery on the road a few days before. The drovers, with pouches well lined, thought it safer to travel toward home in company than to ride or drive there alone. By dint of taking advantage of every loophole to be found between heads and arms, I saw that we were ascending the wooded mountains behind Viterbo, and for three hours we drove through forest land destitute of houses, and finally

descended rapidly to the valley of the Tiber. We passed the town of Orte, built on the summit of a steep isolated rock, half an hour before we reached the railway station, where the lines from Orvieto and Ancona meet, and whence a single line goes to Rome. My destination was Narni, but as there are few trains on the Ancona line, it was necessary to wait several hours at the junction. I determined to spend the interval in a visit to Otricoli in order to see the ruins of a Roman town there. Although the station was but six miles from Otricoli, no one seemed to know the name of the place. The station-master, to whom I at last appealed, gave me some instructions as to the manner in which the village was to be reached.

The Tiber intervened, but after walking about two miles down the stream I found a ferry, and obtained a horse on the opposite side. A continual ascent for about an hour brought me to the place. Otricoli is on the main road from Ancona to Rome, and in coaching days it was an animated place. I had pleasant recollections of a visit to it in 1855, when I had occasion to stay here when travelling by Vetturino from Ancona to Rome on my return from the Crimea. The bridge across the Tiber at Borghetto had been carried away by the floods, and we were detained here in consequence. It was then rather lively; now I was astonished to find that the flourishing inn had been replaced by a

miserable cabaret, where nothing was to be obtained but hard bread and sour wine. The glory of Otricoli had departed. So uninviting was the albergho that I gave up all hopes of obtaining a dinner, and walked down at once to the ancient site. This was on a plain 100 feet above the level of the Tiber. I saw vestiges of a theatre and remains of other buildings incorporated into farmhouses, but time did not permit of a prolonged examination of the remains, as I had to reach Borghetto by eight o'clock to catch the train to Narni. The ruins were chiefly of brickwork; they cover a space of about four square miles. A few works of art have been discovered here, the most remarkable of which is the finest bust of Jupiter known. It is now in the round hall of the Vatican.

Narni, although, like Otricoli, it has suffered by the diversion of traffic from the highway to the railroad, is still a flourishing place. The situation of the town rendered it easy of defence in former days. It crowns a mountain bounded on one side by the Tiber and on the other by precipices. There are two lines of ancient fortifications, and a large castle outside the walls. It has a tolerable hotel kept by civil people. The cathedral is interesting as the only specimen of a transition between the first and second Basilican style. In the First Period the architrave was employed, as in some of the oldest Roman churches—Sta. Maria Maggiore,

San Lorenzo, and in the Second Period the semi-circular arch replaced the architrave.

In the cathedral at Narni, in place of architraves or round arches, there are flat arches of brickwork resting on Corinthian columns with stunted capitals. The arches appear to be of the fifth century. The vaulting of the nave is cylindrical, without ribs, the span about 36 ft. There are double aisles. In the south aisle there is a shrine coeval with the foundation of the cathedral. It is the full height of the aisle wall, it has four vertical divisions with fluted pilasters and bands of rich mosaic; the entrances to it are square-headed doors, with enrichments of foliage.

Near the Piazza Publica, there is a small church in which the style of the cathedral is imitated, probably at a rather later period. The front towards the street has a portico with two columns and double skewbacks in place of architraves. There are three doorways, square-headed, with enriched bands of foliage in low relief. The foliage is continued as a string course in a line with the tops of the side doors, which are lower than that in the centre. Two lions flank the principal entrance. The interior has a nave 75 ft. long and 18 ft. wide, with aisles 9 ft. wide. There are three columns on each side with capitals of foliage and grotesque figures. The chancel is 27 ft. long, and the full width of the church, but without aisles.

There is a small apse at the end. The ceilings are flat throughout. There is a very primitive stone altar. This church, which is dedicated to San Francesco (probably a second or third dedication), seems to be but little later than the cathedral.

There are several other churches—chiefly used as barracks—about which are found picturesque bits of architecture. The Palazzo Publico has a Gothic doorway with sculptures of men on horseback fighting in the tympanum. In the council-room there is a fine fresco by Lo Spagno of the "Coronation of the Virgin," which has been repainted. Below the town there are the remains of a noble bridge built by Augustus; it had three arches of the finest masonry, each about 60 ft. high.

Between Narni and Spoleto the railway passes through a wild mountainous district, traversing Monta Summa by a tunnel more than a mile in length. The view in descending is magnificent. You see before you an extensive plain, bounded by the high range of the Apennines, on the side of which you perceive numerous towns and villages, Spoleto, Assisi, and, very faint in the distance, Perugia.

Spoleto is one of the cleanest of Italian towns, and is built on the side of a hill on which stands a citadel, founded by Theodoric, now a prison. The rock on which the citadel stands is separated from the adjoining mountains by a deep glen,

spanned by an aqueduct of ten arches, 250 ft. in height.

The cathedral possesses nothing remarkable, but the frescoes of the apse, by Filippo Lippi, who died and was buried here, and the sculptures round the chief doorway, which are so delicate that at first sight they appear to be of the best Renaissance period, but on a nearer approach it is seen that the figures interspersed amongst the foliage are represented in the tight-fitting dresses of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Outside the town the church of St. Pietro stands on an eminence approached by a long flight of steps. It has a fine Romanesque façade covered with interesting sculptures in white marble apparently relating to the history of Reynard the Fox. There are two wheel windows one above the other ; the lower one seems to have been partly cut away to admit of a square-headed doorway. The façade is divided by flat buttresses supporting corbel tables into five compartments. That in the centre is occupied by the doorway with guarding lions. The sculpture on the sides consists of flowers in arcades, and husbandmen ploughing. The side divisions next to the centre have five oblong divisions ; on one side there are two subjects from the life of St. Peter, then the fox and crow, the fox preaching, a crow and a griffin ; on the other side subjects from the life of St. Peter, a lion interviewing a woodman, the lion caught in a cleft of a tree,

the lion being knocked on the head by the woodman. The next compartments are occupied by the aisle doors, which are square-headed with semi-circular arches over. The interior of the church is uninteresting.

The palace of the Podesta contains a well-preserved fresco of the "Madonna and Saints," by Lo Spagna, and a very fine piece of Lombard sculpture taken from a desecrated church. The inn here is the best in this part of Italy; it is called the Albergho del Teatro Nuovo. There is another—the Posta—which some friends whom I met found in every respect inferior.

In order to reach Gubbio from Spoleto you must take the train to the station of Fossato, and there you will find a conveyance to that town. It is a ride of about two hours through a well-cultivated, hilly country. Gubbio lies in a recess of the Apennines, but it is built in terraces on the side of a hill, so that it has an imposing appearance when seen from a distance. There is one grand edifice which overtops all the rest, a Romanesque palace of magnificent dimensions. It is second only to the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence, is oblong in plan, with walls upwards of 100 ft. in length, surmounted by bold battlements. The lower story consists of a single vaulted chamber, lighted by six windows. The floor above, which has six windows on each side, is subdivided into various apartments.

On one side there is a projection with an open loggia ranging with these windows. This building stands on one of the highest terraces of the town, so that its height is more than doubled by its position, and the effect, when seen from below, is extremely imposing. Although the palace resembles in most respects a Norman keep of the twelfth century, we find from documentary evidence that it was erected between 1332 and 1346. So that the presence of the semi-circular arch is no evidence of early date in Italian buildings. The archæologist must trust more to the profiles of mouldings when he wishes to ascertain the age of a building than to the form of the arch, which in England would be a sure indication of date.

In the town hall, which is situate opposite the palace, there is an indifferent collection of pictures, and a great antiquarian treasure—the Eugubian tables: seven bronze plates engraved on both sides with inscriptions; four are in the Umbrian language and three in Latin. These tables were discovered A.D. 1440 amongst the ruins of the celebrated Temple of Jupiter Apenninus, on Mount Patrara, near Schieggia, about seven miles from Gubbio. The inscriptions are of no great importance, unless to the philologist, as they refer merely to the worship to be observed in the temple.

There is nothing remarkable about the architecture of the cathedral, which is of the thirteenth

century, except the great span of the vaults and the absence of aisles. Nor is there any other Gothic work worth notice, except a brick church in the piazza at the entrance to the town. There is, however, a fresco in the church of Sta. Maria Nuova, worth a pilgrimage to Gubbio to see: it represents the Virgin and Child surrounded by angels playing on musical instruments, and attended by saints. For expression and beauty of colouring it is one of the most beautiful frescoes I ever saw. It was executed by Nelli, a local artist, in 1403. Fortunately this picture is preserved by glass. It has been published for the Arundel Society from a drawing by Mrs. Higford Burr.

The ancient town of Iguvium was situated in the plain below the present town. The only remains of it are the ruins of an amphitheatre. Four rows of the external arcade exist, but they are built of coarse rubble and have no fine mouldings. The whole of the area within the walls is not yet excavated. There is a pilgrimage chapel on the top of a mountain, but it is of no great antiquity. I had intended visiting the site of the Temple of Jupiter Apenninus, but was informed that the remains of it were quite insignificant.

V.

FALERII.

THE peculiar character of the scenery of the valley of the Tiber between Orte and Rome must have struck every one who has approached the Eternal City from that side. There is a dead flat of alluvial soil, partly grass land, partly swamp, through which the river has worn a channel many feet below the general level. On either side of this plain—which varies from one to three or four miles in width, and which seems to have been at one time the bed of a vast stream and is even now often half-covered with water during the periodical inundations of the Tiber—there are high banks—the borders of an extensive table-land at first covered with wood, but which as you near Rome becomes more and more bare till it merges in the open Campagna where there is not a single tree visible. Beyond this table-land on the east rise the blue Sabine hills, and on the left the bold peak of Soracte. The whole of this plateau is intersected with deep ravines which twist about in all directions, leaving in some places tongues of high land almost isolated from the main level. These peninsulas, as they may be termed, were chosen by the Etruscans for the sites of their

cities, as the ravines with the streams which ran through them, and the bold precipices at their sides, afforded excellent means of defence. They were natural fortresses, with fosse and rampart ready made. Of this description are the sites of Veii and Civita Castellana, the ancient site of Falerium.

In order to reach this latter town I left the railway at Borghetto, and ascended the bank by a road leading past a picturesque ruined castle of the Middle Ages. In a few minutes we reached the plateau, and drove for an hour or so through a cultivated district with but few trees. Civita Castellana was not visible till we were close upon the deep ravine which separates it from the main land. This glen, which is upwards of 200 ft. in depth, with precipitous sides, pierced with sepulchres, partly concealed by thick foliage, is crossed by a stupendous viaduct of four unequal arches, one of the greatest works of Papal times. Like all other towns on the diligence road, Civita Castellana has suffered since the construction of the railway, and the inns have much deteriorated since my first visit to the town in 1855. However, the view of the great ravine from the window of my room repaid me for the want of comfort elsewhere. The ravine is not equally profound all round the town; on the south side it becomes less deep, and terminates in what may be called an isthmus, on which there is a castle on the west, but the

sepulchres abound on every side. Some of the townspeople have lately made excavations; a doctor, who is also an antiquary, took me to see a collection of antiquities formed by Count Rosa, who has explored the tombs in a lateral ravine. The terra cotta figures and vases were of archaic character, and must have been the work of the earliest Etruscan inhabitants. There were two if not three towns with similar names, Falerium at Civita Castellana, and Falerii four miles to the west, built after the destruction of the older city by the Romans, B.C. 241, and later on a Roman colony called Colonia Junonia. The only building in Civita Castellana bearing any mark of antiquity is the cathedral, founded A.D. 1210. The portico is the only part not restored. It is the full breadth of the front, and has three divisions. Those at the sides have each two Ionic columns between detached pilasters supporting a rich architrave and cornice. The central division is twice the height of those at the sides, and is occupied by a bold semi-circular arch springing from the cornice above the pilasters. Within, the central door has two small columns and pilasters, with mouldings of delicate profiles. All the friezes, arches, and door-jambs are enriched with interlacing patterns of particularly rich mosaic. The tessaræ are smaller than usual, and the colours, especially the reds, very brilliant. This external use of mosaic for

enrichment I have noticed at Terracina, Corneto, and other places. The effect in every case is excellent, and I think it might be used with advantage in our modern buildings if employed sparingly and in conjunction with marble or other material which admits of fine mouldings. The tessaræ to be used for the enrichment of mouldings must differ from those employed for pictures, inasmuch as they must be of uniform colour, cut in strictly geometrical forms, more neatly jointed, and more brilliant.

A visit to Falerium Novum—which occupied half a day—was found extremely interesting. Our road led through one of the small lateral ravines in which there were a few tombs later in character than those near Civita. We soon came in sight of the walls of the city—which form one of the most perfect specimens of ancient fortification existing—rising in the midst of ploughed fields with the usual ravine on one side of them only. We rode through a breach in the walls to a group of buildings in the centre of the enclosure, which was found to consist of a fine ruined church and adjoining monastery now converted into a farmhouse. Fortunately the owner of the site, a good specimen of a Campagna proprietor, was here on a visit to his estate, and as I had an introduction to him, he showed me every civility within his power, and deputed one of the contadini to act as guide. We made the circuit of

the walls, which are in some places 30 ft. high, well built, with square towers at regular intervals, and several gates. These gateways are small openings with very massive arches, immense voussoirs, and external archivolts; in some of them there are rude heads sculptured on the key stones. There is little doubt that the lower parts of the walls are Etruscan; the additional work of Roman times can easily be traced. Outside the walls there are the remains of a small Roman theatre. Inside there are no remains above ground; excavations have been made from time to time, but these are partly filled up. The ruined abbey is an extremely interesting structure. The nave is 27 ft. wide, the aisle 20 ft. There are three massive piers on each side of the nave in the form of a Greek cross, with intermediate piers between them, square and of smaller size, replaced in some of the bays by columns and capitals from the Roman ruins. Pilasters running up to the roof line mark the divisions of the four bays. Each bay has two semi-circular arches below, and two plain arched windows in the clerestory. At the end of each aisle there is a square compartment on the plan, with a waggon-headed roof running transversely, and two apses in the east wall, thus forming a sort of transept. At the east end of the nave there is a sanctuary, also with a waggon-headed vault running longitudinally, then a recess 15 ft. deep, and

then an apse of almost the full width of the chancel.

The aisles have two narrow windows in each bay. The abaci and other mouldings are of the simplest description. The character of the architecture would lead to the conclusion that the church is at least as old as the eleventh century. The use of the waggon-headed ceiling appears to point to a still earlier date. I know of but one other example of a vault of this class, and that is in Milan. At Corneto, in Sta. Maria di Castello, known to be of the year 1100, we have already quadripartite vaulting with ribs; and at Narni—of a much earlier period—without ribs.

On the opposite side of the Tiber, some ten miles nearer Rome than Borghetto, in a fertile valley seven miles from the railway, lies the famous Abbey of Farfa. I found it was an establishment of great extent, but it had only three inmates—monks in charge. There are two fine pointed doorways of the thirteenth century in the court, and some slight remains of earlier work in the cloister. On account of the beauty of the scenery this monastery is an interesting point for an excursion from Rome, but it will be necessary to telegraph for horses, as there are none to be found at the station of Passo di Correse.

VI.

PRATO AND PISTOIA.

THERE are no two views seen from the same point so beautiful as those which may be seen from the ridge of a hill near Florence, justly named Bello Sguardo. If you leave the city by the Porta Romana,—a massive gateway with a faded fresco in the tympanum of the arch,—and ascend the hill opposite you, in twenty minutes you will reach a group of villas on the summit. If you look back from this point, you will be rewarded for the trouble of the ascent by the most magnificent landscape you ever saw. Immediately beneath you, separated only by a foreground of terraces covered with vines and olive trees, you see distinctly every edifice of importance in Firenze la Bella—the brown mass of the Pitti, the dark red dome of the cathedral, with Giotto's elegant campanile in front, the bold machicolations of the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, and near it the lighter turret of La Badia—altogether an assemblage of palaces and churches not to be seen elsewhere, with the hills of ancient Fiesole for a background. You will be doubly fortunate if you see this view at sunset, for the hill on which you stand then throws a

deep shadow, beyond which the rich red light of the setting sun streams over the city, lighting up the angles of all the more prominent edifices and bathing old Fiesole in a rich purple haze. But if you turn right-about-face and look from the ridge in the opposite direction you will see a view equally lovely, but of quite a different character—you will look down upon an immense plain thickly covered with vines, with but few cornfields intervening, and dotted with white villas and villages, bounded on the right by the bare range of the Apennines, and on the left by lower hills cultivated to their summits. As far as the eye can see the plain extends, rich in cultivation, and apparently densely populated: village follows village, and here and there larger spots of white mark the larger towns. The largest of these is the flourishing town of Prato, distant about half an hour by rail from Florence, and that beyond, which, in the dim distance, is rather grey than white, is the ancient town of Pistoia.

Prato would be more frequently visited if it was not eclipsed by the greater glories of its mighty neighbour. It is, however, worthy the attention of the archæologist, as it contains what Florence does not, a fine Romanesque church. This church, or cathedral as it is called, though but small, stands on a platform ascended by three steps in the piazza or market-place of the town. In this market-place

were wont to assemble peasants from all parts of the country to see the *Sacra Cintola*, or girdle of the Madonna, which is preserved in the cathedral, and which was exhibited at certain periods from an external pulpit designed by Donatello. This pulpit, which projects from the south-west angle of the cathedral, is an elegant piece of Renaissance work: it is circular in plan, and is surrounded by dancing *putti* in low relief, perfectly modelled. Michelozzi assisted Donatello in the execution of this work, which was finished between 1434 and 1450.

The nave of the cathedral is of twelfth century; the transepts, choir, and façade are of fourteenth, and said to be the work of Giovanni Pisano. The nave has four bays, stunted black marble columns with foliated capitals and stilted round arches: the fifth bay was the beginning of the chancel of the first church. It has more massive piers and an arch of wider span, and it is raised two steps above the general level. Beyond it are the transepts of four bays with quadripartite vaulting. What may be called the east wall of the transept has five arches opening into the choir, and four chapels—square in plan. This arrangement resembles that of *Sta. Croce* at Florence. The walls of choir and chapels are decorated with frescoes of various dates.

Those in the choir are by Filippo Lippi, A.D. 1469, and are considered his best works. They represent incidents from the lives of St. John the Baptist and

St. Stephen. The two lower compartments on each side are occupied by two grand pictures. On the right "The Daughter of Herodias Dancing before Herod," on the left "The Death and Burial of St. Stephen." Above, in smaller compartments, are "The Birth of St. John," "His Withdrawal to the Wilderness," and "His Preaching," "The Birth of St. Stephen," and "His Ordination." These pictures are treated in a bold style, free from the stiffness of earlier works, but not so suitable for decoration as the style of Giotto or even of Massacio. In the centre of the large picture of the dancing there is a table with figures seated at a banquet. Herodias is at a smaller table, in front of which her daughter kneels and presents the charger; on the other side she is represented as skipping about after the manner of a ballet girl. There is a certain amount of elegance in these figures of the daughter, and it is supposed by some that the floating draperies of the latter figure show the handiwork of Filippino, the son of Filippo. In "The Interment of St. Stephen," which is represented as taking place in the interior of a basilica, there are three heads of great beauty—those of angels or youths kissing the feet of the deceased. Some of the figures are portraits—one that of the painter. The two chapels nearest the choir have frescoes in an earlier style, but these are quite ruined by repainting. Another chapel is decorated by a painter of Siena of great talent, Pro-

fessor Franchi. His style is that of Andrea del Sarto. At the west end of the church there is a handsome iron screen with quatrefoils in circles, a frieze of foliage freely treated, and a cresting of large honeysuckle ornaments between candlesticks of mediæval form. Another metal screen of earlier character encloses the font. Externally the cathedral seen from the corner of the piazza is very picturesque. It has flat buttresses, round-arched windows, two Romanesque doors with frescoes in the tympana at the sides, a wheel window in the front, and a high campanile at the side of the transept.

Adjoining the church of St. Francesco there is a cloister, with a Gothic chapter-house opening into it, resembling, though on a small scale, the Capello di Spagnuoli in Sta. Maria Novella at Florence. This is painted with frescoes of the fourteenth century, well preserved. The angels on the walls are noticeable for their character, which resembles that of the angels of Orcagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa. The church itself has been modernised.

The only other church worth a visit is that of the Madonna del Carceri, which is on the plan of a Greek cross, with shallow arms and a central cupola. It was designed by Giuliano di San Gallo, in 1492. Near it is a castle, now converted into a prison, from which the church derives its name.

In half an hour by rail from Prato the charming mediæval town of Pistoia is reached. Here the

main railroad to Bologna begins to ascend the Apennines, and you can see at intervals on the sides of the mountains the viaducts which mark the line of ascent. The view of Pistoia and its environs, when descending from Bologna, is very striking.

Pistoia abounds with early Romanesque churches in the Pisan style ; that is to say,—built with alternate courses of black and white marble,—covered on the façades and sides with arcades, with narrow, round-arched windows, and generally without aisles. They possess pulpits by the scholars of Niccolo Pisano, who designed the cathedral here. That edifice is not very remarkable for its architecture, but it contains in one of the chapels a gem of Gothic art which may be ranked with the altar of Arezzo, the baldachin of Orcagna in the Or San Michele, and the shrine of St. Peter Martyr at Milan as one of the mediæval treasures of Italy. This is a silver altar of the fourteenth century by Simone di Ser Memmo, Andrea di Jacopo d'Ognabene, Piero di Firenze, and Leonard di Ser Giovanni, a pupil of Orcagna: the subjects are from the New and Old Testaments, and from the life of St. James, to whom the cathedral is dedicated.

Opposite the cathedral there is an octagonal Gothic baptistery, containing a font of the thirteenth century. It has an external pulpit. The churches of St. Andrea, San Bartolomeo, and San Giovanni

have all pulpits by the Pisani or their pupils, dated from 1250 to 1300. These are, to a certain extent, imitations of the splendid pulpits in the cathedral and baptistery of Pisa. Their general character is similar: they are supported by columns standing on lions, sometimes represented as conquering dragons, at others as treading on human figures. The capitals have eagles and other creatures, and on the sides there are bas-reliefs from the Old and New Testaments. I have lately seen another pulpit of the same description in the church of Barga, in the Garfagnana, a district in one of the valleys of the Apennines, near Lucca. The series of pulpits of the Pisan school would form an interesting subject for the study of an archæologist. The student of architecture who has not yet had an opportunity of visiting this part of the country may judge of the character of these works of art from an inspection of the casts from the Pisan pulpits in the South Kensington Museum.

There are some remarkable reliefs by Luca della Robbia in the front of the Ospedale del Ceppo, representing the Seven Works of Mercy put up between 1525 and 1535. These are later specimens of this master's work than the front of the chapel by him at Perugia. The later churches have nothing to distinguish them from buildings of the same class in other towns.

VII.

VOLTERRA AND AREZZO.

IN no other country except Turkey is the patience of the traveller by railway tried to such an extent as in Italy. It is necessary,—especially if he has much luggage,—that he should arrive at the station about half an hour before the train starts. The delivery of tickets is an extremely slow process, as all payments are made in paper (I have seen no silver coins in Italy for years except a franc of the Pope, which was refused when proffered in the shops as not being of the accepted currency), and the *contadini* are not quick in counting the notes and copper which they receive in change. Again, certain notes are refused at the stations, though taken elsewhere; hence another cause for delay, and before now I have seen would-be passengers at wayside stations left behind in a state of despair because the notes they tendered were not those of the favoured banks. Then, again, the doors of the station are closed five minutes before the train starts, and the only chance for a passenger who reaches the station during this tantalising interval is to vault over the luggage counter and throw himself on the tender mercies of the guard.

In Turkey things are perhaps worse, for, after the custom of their country, obstinate peasants will still persist in trying to bargain for their tickets by offering at first one-half the sum demanded. Upon meeting with a refusal they squat down in the waiting rooms and corridors with their beds and baggage, wives and children, in the hope that the obdurate official may relent and come to terms before the departure of the train. But in Italy the state of affairs is, I repeat, almost as trying to the patience of travellers, and it was owing to a combination of these drawbacks that my friend and I, having arranged an excursion to Volterra, missed one another at the railway station at Florence one fine November morning.

There are three modes of reaching Volterra from Florence; one by proceeding to Poggibonsi on the Siena line, and then driving about twenty miles to the west; the second by leaving the Pisa line at Pontedera, and then going south for about thirty miles; the third by following the rail to Leghorn, and then to Salina, the terminus of the branch line of La Cecina.

I chose the second of these routes—took a carriage from Pontedera and proceeded due south through an uninteresting country, destitute of towns and villages. Volterra is perched upon a mountain 1,500 ft. above the level of the sea, consequently it is seen long before it is reached. The sides of this

mountain are furrowed by deep ravines worn by water in the clay and sand of which it is composed, and as the nature of the soil precludes cultivation, the whole country about has a barren, arid aspect, resembling that of the desolate district covered with yellow hillocks which lies between Siena and Orvieto. The ascent to the city from the plain on the north-west side is very gradual, but tedious on account of the sinuosities of the road, which winds round the heads of these numerous ravines. However, I reached the walls of Volterra a little before sunset, and in time to enjoy a magnificent prospect, embracing miles of undulating, though barren, country, bounded on the right hand by the distant sea. My first visit was to the primitive *alberghi* in search of my friend, who was nowhere to be found. I afterwards learnt that, not liking the prospect of a solitary journey across the mountains, he had gone on to Siena. In towns like Volterra, out of the beaten track of travellers, it is not generally possible to take your ease in your inn. So little have the customs of great cities penetrated to this spot, that when I asked for coffee in the morning I was told that I could obtain it at a café in the adjoining street.

Volterra, anciently Velathri, was one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan league, and though little is known about its history, the number of antiquities discovered in and around it show that it

was a place of great importance. In the centre of the town there is a piazza entirely surrounded by Gothic buildings of the thirteenth century. One of these is the Palazzo Publico. The windows of these edifices are of simple and pleasing character; they are mostly of two lights, with equilateral arches enclosing pointed and trefoliated openings ornamented with ball flower ornaments. The tympana are plain. In the Palazzo Publico there is a valuable collection of objects found in the necropolis, illustrating the manners, customs, and costumes of the Etruscans of later times.

The museum contains some hundreds of sepulchral chests about three feet in length, having on their covers figures of the deceased with heads too large for their bodies. It would appear that the sculptor considered that the head, being a portrait, should be as large as possible, and that the body, being merely an accessory, might be left to take care of itself. The sides of these chests are adorned with bassi-relievi of subjects generally taken from Greek mythology; these are in many cases painted and gilt. These chests or urns are often modelled in terra cotta, but many of them are carved in alabaster, of which there are extensive quarries in the neighbourhood. The figures in the reliefs are generally well proportioned, differing in that respect from those on the covers. Incineration must have been practised in this part of Etruria, whereas at

Toscanella and Corneto the bodies were deposited whole on biers of bronze or in large sarcophagi. In addition to these urns there are many bronze vases and inscriptions in the museum.

The walls of the town present some of the best specimens of Etruscan masonry extant. There are two gates remaining, over one of which there are some heads sculptured, but these are so much mutilated that it is impossible to distinguish whether they are those of men or lions. There are also the remains of an amphitheatre, of a piscina, and of thermæ.

Not far from the piazza there is a small cathedral, founded in 1120, but rebuilt by Nicolo Pisani in 1254. The front is plain, and has a central pediment to the nave roof, with arcades and flat buttresses, but no other ornament except flat buttresses and three circular windows. The doorway has a semi-circular arch with marble inlays and carved ornaments of a semi-Classical character. In the interior there is a fine thirteenth-century pulpit. It is oblong in plan, and is supported by four columns resting on lions. On the front there is a representation of the Last Supper, and on the sides the Salutation, Annunciation, and Abraham Sacrificing Isaac. In the choir there is a fine twisted column surmounted by a kneeling angel holding a candlestick for the reception of the Paschal candle. The stalls are of good thirteenth-century woodwork.

Each stall has a foliated pointed arch, resting on small columns, and bold perforated foliage at the stall ends. Opposite the cathedral stands the octagonal church of San Giovanni, probably in ancient times the baptistery. This has some good sculpture of the thirteenth century in the capitals of the columns and elsewhere.

On returning to Florence I passed within sight of the fifteen towers of St. Gemignano, full of interest to the lover of mediæval art.

Although the climate of Florence is generally mild in winter, occasionally the cold is felt more intensely than in England. Early in December we had a violent tramontana, which pierced to the bones, and after that a heavy fall of snow, which lay six inches deep for several days, so I left for Rome, intending to visit Arezzo and other towns *en route*. At Arezzo, though there was no snow in the streets, the wind was more violent than at Florence, and sketching out of doors was a painful operation.

Arezzo, though on a hill, is no great height above the railroad, but, being near the mountain, the gusts of wind sweep down with great violence, so much so that it was impossible to stand on the exposed plateau on which the cathedral is built. This cathedral is a large Gothic building of the thirteenth century, with no remarkable external feature. The internal piers are on the plan of a Greek cross, with the angles chamfered and colon-

nettes in the internal angles to carry the vaulting ribs. There is no triforium, the clerestory windows are circular. The aisle windows are of two lights, with pointed arches, and geometrical tracery of interlacing arches in the heads.

The high altar is one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Italian Gothic art, executed by Giovanni Pisani, in 1286. It consists of an altar table of stone, surrounded by trefoliated niches, each occupied by the figure of a saint. At the back there is a lofty shrine, with coped top, protected by a parapet of open arches, resting on six columns, back and front. The sides of the shrine are covered with exquisite sculpture, in compartments, illustrating the lives of the Virgin, St. Donatus, and St. Gregory. On each division of the parapet there are two canopies, one above the other, and under them elegant small figures of angels and saints.

In the aisles there are three fine Gothic monuments. The oldest of these consists of a sarcophagus, under a round-arched canopy, supported by banded columns. The wall at the back of the sarcophagus has a fresco of the Crucifixion, and the reveal of the arch is adorned with painted foliage. The second is that of Gregory X. The sarcophagus here is upheld by three columns, and the canopy has a trefoliated arch, with crocketed pediment above. The third, that of an Archbishop of Arezzo, reminds one of the fine Gothic monuments of

Naples. In this the sarcophagus is some 15 ft. from the ground, supported by two projecting pilasters, which, as well as the space between them, are covered with minute bassi-relievi, illustrating the life of the prelate. Above the sarcophagus there is a canopy, with low arch and a straight-sided pediment, adorned with crockets.

The church of San Francesco has a richly decorated choir: the soffit of the chancel arch has figures beneath elaborate niches, and the borders round the vaulting ribs are of an exceedingly rich character. The walls are covered with frescoes by Piero della Francesca, illustrating the history of the tree of the Cross. One of the scenes is a battle piece of great force, but the countenances of the figures are ugly in the extreme, and the whole is wanting in the grace which distinguishes the work of Piero's great pupil.

The church of the Madonna del Pieve, situated in the principal street, is an untouched monument of the first half of the thirteenth century. By untouched I mean unspoilt; though it has been restored within the last few years, it has been simply repaired, and none of the original features have been altered. The façade screens the roofs of nave and aisle, it is all of one height and has three stories. The lowest is occupied by five arches springing from massive engaged columns; the central and outer arches contain the doorways. The central doorway

is peculiar ; it is square in plan, deeply recessed, and has rows of sculptured figures in the reveal of the arch, separated by bands of masonry. The door itself is square headed. Above it there is a group of sculptured figures of apparently an earlier date than the rest of the façade. The second story has a line of smaller arcades, behind which there is a circular window, and the third story is simply an open colonnade. A very high campanile, with five rows of two-light semi-circular windows, rises at the angle of the façade. The plan of the church is that of a nave with aisles, the arcade consisting of four pointed arches on one side, and three on the other (the fourth bay being occupied by the tower), springing from plain circular columns with bold foliated caps and square plinths resembling those at St. Zeno at Verona.

There are transepts which, however, do not project beyond the aisle walls, and at the intersection there is a circular lantern with an arcade running round it. Of this description must have been the lantern of Sta. Maria di Castello at Corneto. The choir has two bays with round arches and central apse. The great height of the nave, and small size of the clerestory, are the chief characteristics of this church. There is no triforium in the nave, but in the choir there is a gallery with small columns, but no arches. The roofs are all of wood except those of the aisles of the choir.

The windows in the aisles are small single-light windows at a great height above the pavement. The circular window of the west front has a double row of singularly rich ornament running round it, and seven plain circles within—an example of the earliest form of circular window.

The church altogether is an interesting example of the transition from the round-arched to the pointed style, for we find pointed arches in the arcade of the nave and semi-circular arches in the clerestory, as in the Temple Church, London.

In the museum adjoining there are some rude capitals with rams' heads at the angles, said to have belonged to the first church, founded in the ninth century.

The Etruscan Arezzo seems to have been situated two or three miles from the present town. Here was found the bronze Chimæra which is the chief ornament of the Etruscan Museum at Florence, and there was manufactured the red embossed ware for which Arezzo was so celebrated, and which is so rare that there are not a dozen fragments of it to be found in the Florentine Museum.

VIII.

THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, TURIN.

WHEN compared with the other cities of Italy, rich in picturesque buildings full of historical associations, Turin possesses but few claims to the attention of the artist. Built almost entirely between the years 1630 and 1730 on a regular plan, with long straight streets running at right angles, the interminable succession of arcades, pilasters, and windows of the same height and proportions seems tame to eyes accustomed to the crumbling ruins of Rome, the irregular outlines of Florence, and the varied palaces of Venice. Still, Turin is not entirely destitute of attraction. Its Egyptian Museum is one of the finest in Europe; its armoury second only to that of Madrid, and its picture gallery contains excellent specimens of Gaudenzio, Ferrari, and the Vercelli School, little inferior to those in the Brera, at Milan. Paul Veronese is represented by two of his best works—the “Queen of Sheba,” and “St. Mary Magdalen Washing Our Lord’s Feet.” The gem of the collection is, however, a group of Charles I.’s children, by Vandyke—the painter who had pre-eminently that talent for indicating those traits which manifest blood and breeding in man,

which Landseer possessed with regard to the lower animals. The painting of these three right royal babies must have been a work after his own heart. The mediævalist will be gratified by a visit to the recently-formed Civic Museum,—where there is a good collection of ivory carriages and other similar objects,—and the admirer of the beauties of nature by a trip to the Superga—a cathedral built on the summit of a mountain about six miles from the city. If he is fortunate enough to reach this spot at sunrise, he will see one of the finest sights imaginable. Below him extends the white city bordered by the Po, the lines of its streets and squares as distinctly defined as in a map. Beyond the city extends a richly-cultivated plain extending for many miles, walled in by the grand range of the Alps comprised between Monte Viso and Mont Blanc. Suddenly, as the sun rises behind him, the snowy tips of the whole range become tinged with crimson. In a few minutes the mountains are bathed to their bases in a rosy hue, and the rich light spreads rapidly over the whole plain, leaving the shadow gathered up to the mountain at his feet. Nowhere else is there to be seen such an impressive spectacle.

Thus Turin, though a comparatively modern city and one without a history, is not utterly destitute of attractions for the artist and archæologist. The architect, however, plods through its uninteresting thoroughfares, despairing of meeting with any build-

ing likely to produce a sensation of wonder, admiration, or even to excite his curiosity. Still, even he need not go away disappointed, for if he will follow the Contrada del Po from the Piazzzi di Castello, and take the second turning on the left, he will see towering before him a building which will render him breathless with amazement—an edifice of brick, as yet unfinished, almost in a line with the front of the street, rising to a height of more than 240 ft., and apparently of such slender construction that he will almost expect to see it fall while he gazes. When I first saw it three years ago I never expected to see it again. Yet it was commenced fourteen years ago, and has remained in its present unfinished state for about seven years, exposed to the elements, and up to the present moment has shown no signs of failure.

This extraordinary edifice was intended for a synagogue; but the Jewish community having exhausted their funds when the building was 124 ft. short of its intended height—367 ft. from the level of the pavement—it has lately been sold to the municipality of Turin, and is to be turned into a museum. I visited every part of it in company with the Jewish custode, in whose charge it still remains. I came away convinced that as perfection in building consists in the attainment of the greatest results with the utmost economy of materials, consistent with stability, this edifice approaches perfection in

the science of construction more closely than any other in existence. Forty-eight piers about 4 ft. square sustain a superstructure 130 ft. square in plan and at present 240 ft. in height. Thus the bases of support are of the smallest possible dimensions when compared with the superincumbent weight. Then again, the mode of construction is *hardi* in the extreme ; the roof is what may be called a four-sided dome. As to the architecture, it will not do to be hypercritical, for we know from sad experience that engineers' architecture is none of the best. There is not much to find fault with in the elevations. The plan is a square of about 130 ft. There are two main horizontal divisions in the fronts and sides of about equal heights when measured from the gutter of the lean-to roof, which covers the lower division. The height of each is about 75 ft. The lower division has two orders of composite pilasters, with cornices and entablatures. There are eight pilasters on each face. On the near front there is a portico of six columns, approached by flights of steps at the sides. Below these divisions there is a basement. The spaces between the pilasters of the lower order are occupied by two ranges of windows. In the upper order there is a loggia, which has a light and pleasing effect. Above the lower division there is a lean-to roof running back about 5 ft. Over this roof there is the basement of a second loggia, which is to run round the building, and to have eighty granite

columns, not yet fixed. This loggia is covered by a second steep lean-to, above which there is an attic with five semi-circular arches between pilasters on each front. The cornice over these pilasters forms the line of the springing of the four-sided dome, at the height of 150 ft. above the ground line. This dome, which is extremely steep, is covered with plates of metal, apparently zinc. When completed, it is to be surmounted by three cupolas one above the other, measuring 100 ft. in height.

In order thoroughly to comprehend the plan of the building it will be well to draw a square on paper and to divide each side into eight parts, connecting the opposite points with lines, and thus forming sixty-four squares. Rub out the four interior points on the third and sixth lines, and draw lines to represent the external walls, and you will have a plan of the basement, ground, and first floors. Each of these stories measures 17 ft. 6 in. in height from floor to floor. The foundations for the piers, which are represented by the points on your drawing, are composed of tiles and puzzolana, and are carried down to a depth of 45 ft. in a heavy sandy soil. The basement was to have been occupied by kitchens and offices; the ground floor by a hospital and schools; the first floor by council rooms for the rabbis. Each floor is sustained by the flattest vaults of brickwork ever seen; those of the two inner compartments are at least 30 ft. in span,

with a rise of less than 3 ft. These vaults are all strengthened by wrought-iron ties running through the building, on the upper surfaces of the brickwork. Massive granite staircases in the angles of the building lead to the second story, that of the synagogue itself. The landings are of granite, and of enormous size. I measured one 30 ft. in length. The synagogue occupies the entire area of the square, the only piers being those at the sides which support galleries and the walls of the superstructure. This room is the highest in the world, being, although unfinished, 200 ft. in height. Although the entire space is encumbered with scaffolding, the spectator, when looking upwards, is struck with amazement at the grandeur of the conception, and at the boldness of the construction, for he perceives that the dome is sustained by three rows of slender columns, six on each side, which stand upon the outer piers supporting the galleries.

Mouldings and other ornamental features are still wanting, but this is an advantage to the visitor, if an architect, for he is thus enabled to study the skeleton of the structure. The corridors which run round the inner area are vaulted, at the same height as the lower stories, viz., 17 feet 6 inches above the ground. At this height there is a series of flat arches supporting the fronts of galleries for the women. On the piers which support these arches, there are Corinthian columns with entablatures

ranging exactly with the upper pilasters on the exterior of the building. Between each column and outer pilasters there is a parabolic arch. From the sides of these transverse arches spring the rows of elliptical arches, running longitudinally round the square, and upon these rest two walls—one, that of the basement of the upper loggia ;—the other the outer wall of the building which supports the outer wall, or rather shell, of the dome. This is the peculiarity of construction before mentioned—the upper main wall of the building thus rests upon a system of arches, and has no direct support from below, with outer and inner walls, or rather shells, of brick. The inner shell, which is only half a brick in thickness, rests upon six columns on each side, and the outer shell on a wall which has no direct line of support beneath it, but which rests on a series of arches, in a manner which will be hereafter explained. I am convinced that no committee—had the plans of the building been submitted in competition—no committee, even if composed of architects or engineers, would have ventured to accept this design, so impracticable does its execution appear when the sections are seen on paper. Fortunately, the Jewish community had confidence in the ability of the designer—the engineer, Antonelli, of Turin, and the result has shown that their confidence was not misplaced ; for he has produced a work which proves him to be a

man of the highest talent. Nothing but the most accurate calculation, combined with years of experience, would have enabled him to carry out this extraordinary project. I say the experience of years, for this is not the work of a young man, but of an old man of genius—Antonelli is nearer 80 than 70 years of age. We think much of ourselves if we complete a Gothic spire of unusual height, or a vault of great span; but these are but puny works by the side of this gigantic synagogue. In fact, such a piece of construction is simply impossible in England, for in such a building, where the stability of the whole depends upon the most careful workmanship, it would not do to trust to the chance work of builders, or to the possible negligences of clerks of works. Every brick in the building was set in cement, under the eyes of Antonelli or his immediate representative, who was, I believe, his son. How would such a systematic supervision answer with our 5 per cent. mode of payment? The total cost of the work hitherto executed was the moderate sum of £24,000. What English architect could afford to accept £1,200 for five years' incessant superintendence of any one edifice, however much it might be likely to add to his reputation?

The dome, when seen in section, appears like an imitation of iron construction in brickwork. It consists of two coverings or shells, 5 ft. apart, the

outer one brick thick—the inner only half a brick. Both of these have, however, inner ribs at short intervals. These shells are connected by what may be termed bonding arches, with stone heads, placed one above the other vertically, about 20 ft. apart; and from them again spring longitudinal arches. The inner shell is strengthened by ribs a brick and a half in thickness, which rise from above the columns, and form acutely pointed groining arches intersecting one another. Thus the whole dome is kept together by a complicated system of arcuation. In addition it is secured at the angles by iron ties, which connect the inner angle pier with the two outer angle ribs, and by longitudinal and transverse ties which run round the entire building and between the main points of support. Between these two shells a series of ladders will give access to the cupolas above the dome. At present, in order to reach the platform on the existing summit of the edifice, it is necessary to ascend by the scaffolding in the interior. This is in nowise a perilous undertaking, and you are well rewarded for the toil of the ascent by the fine view of the city which you obtain, and by the opportunity thus afforded of examining the peculiarities of the construction. The custode informed me with a sigh that his co-religionists, being unable to complete the synagogue, had lately sold it to the municipality for £6,000, quite a fourth of what it cost them, and that

Antonelli was to have the satisfaction of completing his great work. Let us hope that he may live to see the completion of this—one of the greatest works of genius the world ever saw.

IX.

CORTONA AND PERUGIA.

THE line from Arezzo to Cortona passes through the rich valley of Chiana. After a trajet of about twenty miles the train stops at the station of Cortona. It is a fatiguing climb of three-quarters of an hour from the railway to the town which stands on the summit of an isolated hill. The origin of this most antique city is lost in the mist of myth. If its history were chronicled, we should expect to find a marginal note stating the period at which Troy was founded, like the annotation in the Welsh pedigree to the effect that "at about this period the world was created," for Cortona existed long before the foundation of Troy. If we are to believe its legend, Dardanus, the grandfather of Ilus, the founder of Ilium—who gave his name to the Dardanelles—was a native of Corythus or Cortona, from which he fled to Asia Minor. It is not impossible that the massive walls now encircling the town, and which are built of immense blocks, existed long before the Troy of Bounarbashi, or the primitive temple of Minerva at Hissarlik. The satisfaction of standing in a city which existed long before Troy was, perhaps, the only satisfaction we had at Cortona; for the

museum, which was the chief attraction—as it contains a curious Greek or Etruscan picture on slate, and the finest Etruscan piece of bronze work in existence, a lamp 2 ft. in diameter—was, unfortunately, closed in consequence of the death of the curator; and after toiling to the highest peak of the mountain, on which stands the church of Sta. Margherita, in the hope of seeing the silver shrine of the saint (a remarkable work of thirteenth-century), we were informed by a despondent monk that it had been removed by the orders of the Municipal Council, and that it was kept under lock and key; and, therefore, not to be seen. The church, however, repaid us for the labour of the ascent; it is thirteenth-century Gothic, and said to be by the Pisani, but it has been lately rebuilt. There is a pretty doorway at the west end—a simple semi-circular arch with voussoirs of stone and brick placed alternately, resting on ten very light columns, and a single figure sculptured in the tympanum.

On descending to the station, I visited a curious Etruscan tomb on the side of the hill. Unlike most Etruscan sepulchres, it is above ground, circular in plan externally, square internally, about 7 ft. each way, built of very large blocks neatly fitted together. The roof had fallen in, but, from representations which exist, I should think it had been roofed on the principle of the horizontal arch. This tomb goes by the name of the Grotto of Pythagoras.

There is no other town in Italy with streets so twisted about and contorted as Perugia. It is built on four or five small hills, in such a manner that no two streets are on the same level. For this reason it is an extremely picturesque, but an extremely fatiguing, place to explore, especially in hot weather. Perugia is so full of works of art of all dates, from the time of the Etruscans to the time of Raphael, that I shall not attempt even an enumeration of them all, but simply adhere to the plan adopted in these short notices of Italian Towns of mentioning only those which are most worthy of remark, either for their antiquity or their connection with the character of the art we most admire in England.

Of Etruscan times, there are the walls and portions of at least three gates, and, within a mile of the gates, a well-preserved tomb. Of Roman times, there is the arch of Augustus. Of thirteenth-century, a cathedral and town hall, and numerous wall decorations, and easel pictures by Perugino and his scholars scattered about in the various churches or collected in the gallery contained within the walls of the University. In the walls of the citadel constructed by San Gallo there is built up all that remains of one of the Etruscan gates of the city. This archway and the tomb of Aruns, near Albano, are the only two existing specimens of Etruscan architecture—with the exception of town walls and gates without ornamentation—and for

that reason it is well worth notice. It consists of the arch and upper portion of a handsome gate. The jambs have disappeared. The arch has large voussoirs with a bold fascia and fillet outside. From the level of the springing rise two pilasters to a height of about twice that of the arch. These pilasters diminish and have shallow capitals, with foliage rather like that in Romanesque imitation of the acanthus. The bases are composed of a bold torus fillet and cavetto. The pilasters support a flat band on which there is a Roman inscription; between the larger pilasters, which rise close to the archivolt, there are four small fluted pilasters standing on a second flat band which touches the top of the arch. These have similar caps and bases. The spaces between them are divided into two equal parts, the lower division being filled with reticulated masonry, and the upper by three busts of male figures, and two heads of horses much mutilated. The proportion and mouldings of this arch are not like those of good Roman architecture. The arch of Augustus, which is entire, is a fine specimen of an Etruscan gateway with a Roman superstructure.

The Necropolis of Perugia was at the base of the hill on the south side of the city, near the railway. One tomb of great interest remains in the state in which it was discovered. It has been well preserved by order of the Count Baglione, on whose property it stands. It is approached by an opening in the side

of the hill; the flight of steps is much longer than those of the tombs at Corneto, and it differs in plan from the Cornetan tombs, inasmuch as it consists of a central chamber, about 24 ft. by 12 ft., with others of smaller size opening into it instead of having one single chamber only. The roof of the central chamber is carved with imitation beams and rafters, and has in the pediment above the cornice a Gorgon's head boldly drawn. Six of the smaller chambers are approached by low doors at the sides, on each side of the larger chamber, and the seventh by a door at the end of it. In this seventh chamber are the sarcophagi sculptured with figures of a far superior character to those seen elsewhere; indeed, there are some heads which approach in execution the work of Greek artists. This sepulchre was that of the Volumni family, and is of late date.

Of the Romanesque Period there are but few remains in Perugia. There is a fine baldachin from a desecrated church now placed in the Pinacoteca. It has four columns with rude Corinthian capitals, an arch on each side with borders and soffits ornamented with interlacing circles, and rude birds and foliage in the spandrils; the roof is pyramidal. It is rather earlier in date than that of San Pietro, at Toscanella, and is probably of eleventh century. There is also the interesting church of St. Angelo, on the hill beyond the Pinacoteca. It is octagonal in plan—50 ft. in diameter, with aisles 21

ft. wide. There are two semi-circular arches springing from marble columns with square abaci in each bay; above each column there is a flying buttress extending to the aisle wall and supporting the floor of the gallery. This gallery has four smaller arcades in each bay. Its roof is supported by buttresses like those below. The principals of the open roof rest on corbels placed between every second column of the gallery. A small apse in one of the divisions contains the altar. This fine specimen of a polygonal church is said to be of sixth century. The columns appear to have been taken from some ancient Roman edifice, as they are of unequal heights, some with plinths, others without them. Of the hundred churches of the town some are Gothic, but none of them is remarkable for beauty, not even the cathedral, but they all contain pictures of the Umbrian school. There are many civic edifices of the Gothic Period. The chief of them is the town hall, which has been so frequently illustrated that I need not describe it. Adjoining it, the two small rooms of the Sala del Cambio contain Perugia's best works in decoration. The ceilings are covered with frescoes of arabesque ornament on dark grounds, painted in 1500. The inlaid work of the seats and the carvings on the doors are well worth notice.

There is no town between Florence and Rome so suitable for a halting place as Perugia. There is an

excellent hotel lately established; a fine gallery of pictures; a most picturesque *entourage*; and the interesting and instructive series of edifices mentioned above, illustrating several epochs in the history of art.

X.

ROME TO NAPLES BY TERRACINA.

ANY ONE who looks at a railway map of Italy will see at a glance that the present line between Rome and Naples makes a great *détour*, probably for the benefit of certain large towns, such as Capua and Caserta. The most direct route would be by the ancient Via Appia to Mola di Gaeta, and thence across the vast plain of the Volturna, which extends to the volcanic hills at the back of Naples. The construction of a line of railway in this direction is proposed, and, if it be carried out, Naples will be reached from Rome in five hours in place of eight, as at present. Before the existence of the railway the Terracina Road was the regular one, and those who travelled by it had to face the perils of the Pontine Marshes, and then run the risk of being captured by the descendants of Fra Diavolo, who lurked in the neighbourhood of Fondi and Itri.

I had more than once been attracted, when looking down towards the sea from the high land on which the Velletri station stands, by the bold mountains of Anxur, and by the headland, which was the fabled abode of Circe, seen in the blue distance beyond the dark mass of the Pontine

Marshes, which, however brightly the sun may shine, seem buried in perpetual gloom. I felt inclined to "tempt" this way, instead of following the beaten track of the iron road. At last I decided to devote a few days to this forsaken route, and the result was that I was amply repaid, both by the beauties of nature and by the relics of art by the wayside.

After leaving the walls of Rome, the Naples railway traverses the Campagna side by side with "the Queen of Ways"—the Via Appia, which ran almost in a straight line from the Eternal City to the Adriatic. Its course is to be traced here and there throughout its whole length by fragments of pavement, ruined tombs, bridges, and other works—both of Republican and Imperial epochs. The railway crosses it at the foot of the Alban Hills, where the Via Appia begins to ascend to Albano; a second time where it descends to Velletri, and a third time in the vicinity of Capua.

After crossing the free and unenclosed Campagna—where the ample prospect over undulating sward is bounded on one side by the line of the sea, and on the other by the purple wall of the Sabine Hills, uninterrupted save by miles of arched aqueducts and other ruined memorials of the past, and enlivened only by herds of wild cattle, which gallop round and round at the screech of the railway whistle—we skirt the Alban Hills in a regular curve, gradually

ascending in the direction of Velletri, a town of 16,000 inhabitants, where there is a better *locanda* than can be found elsewhere between Rome and Caserta. As the diligence for Terracina starts at an early hour in the morning, it is necessary to sleep at Velletri. The sole object in the town interesting to architects is a detached Romanesque belfry of four stages, without buttresses, and a pyramidal spire. The church to which it belonged has been rebuilt. The view from the terrace in front of the town is magnificent. Beneath you is the brown plain, beyond which is seen the sea at a distance of twenty-five miles—a line of faint hazy blue. On the left there is a range of whitish mountains—the Volscian Hills—the recesses of which have never been thoroughly explored. On these sides are the ancient cities of Cora and Norma, which contain many monuments of Roman architecture.

Soon after leaving Velletri, the carriage road strikes into the Appian Way, and at a distance of twelve miles the wretched village of Cisterna—the Three Taverns, where the disciples from Rome met St. Paul—is reached. The Pontine Marshes really commence at this point. I must own I was disappointed with them, expecting to see pools black as ink overshadowed by thickets of rank reeds, malarious swamps abounding with reptiles, and buffaloes wallowing in the “verdant mud.” In-

stead, I saw cultivated fields and pasture grounds, rather watery, it is true, but bordered by regular drains and watercourses, and in places tolerably fertile. From the time of Republican Rome until now constant efforts have been made to drain these marshes, and with such success that there is a dry, firm road, with a certain amount of cultivation in its immediate neighbourhood. It is only, however, by a perpetual war against nature that even this amount of success can be maintained, for the whole country, from the hills to the sea, is a dead level, so that there is no natural fall for the water, and a few years of neglect would throw the whole district back into the state of a primæval swamp. The exhalations from the marshes are still so deadly that no village is to be found between Cisterna and Terracina. After a monotonous drive of forty miles, it is extremely pleasant to get under the shadow of the precipices of Terracina. Bold, rugged, and picturesque, they seem entirely to bar the way. Not until you get quite near do you perceive that one isolated rock on the sea shore is detached from the range, allowing only a passage for the road.

Terracina consists of an upper walled town and a lower and more modern town of one long street by the sea shore. The Albergo Grande—once, as the landlord says, the resort of monarchs, whose names are recorded in the corridor—is dilapidated, shabby,

and run to seed ; but the *cuisine* is good, and the sea view from its windows very beautiful. In the centre of the upper town stands the cathedral—the Temple of Jupiter Anxurus—converted into a church. Internally there is no portion of the temple visible ; but on going through an archway into a narrow dirty street on the south side a high podium, with base mould and cornice, two or three engaged fluted columns, a rich horizontal string and some isodomous masonry belonging to the cella wall, can be clearly distinguished amidst the smoke-blackened shops and hovels. The temple was built of fine white marble. The west end of the cathedral has an imposing effect, as it is approached by a flight of some twenty steps the full width of the piazza on which it stands. On the uppermost step there is a colonnade of Ionic columns resting upon lions. The entablature is decorated with rather rude mosaics. This part appears to be of the time of Theodoric, who had a palace on the mountain at the back of the town. Pointed arches have been placed upon the entablature at a later period. The tower, which is at an angle of the façade, is a fine massive structure of four stages, enriched with numerous arcades both round and pointed. There is nothing very remarkable in the interior, with the exception of a pulpit supported by four columns standing on lions and enriched with mosaics : and two baldachins, one at the east end of each aisle

over the smaller altars. These consist of four columns supporting plain entablatures, over which there is an attic, octagonal in plan, crowned by a sloping roof. As these baldachins are placed immediately over the crypts in such a manner that the altar is flush with the wall beneath, the steps leading to the apse being at the sides, the priest has to officiate with his face towards the people. Near the cathedral there is a fine bit of Gothic—a gateway with plate-tracery in the windows.

It takes half an hour's hard climbing to reach the ruins of Theodoric's palace on the summit of the mountains at the back of the town. This ruin is simply that of the basement of the building—a series of arched chambers. The archæologist—for to him only is it interesting—will find a plan and elevation of it in "D'Agincourt." He will see also a good general view of the site of the palace, and below it the sentinel rock before mentioned. In order to complete the picture as it exists at present he must imagine the whole foreground to be covered with modern houses. The walls of the town are long anterior to the time of Theodosius, as they are for the most part built of large irregular blocks like those in the cities of the Samnites. On a high point, above the town, stands a keep of irregular form, and a short distance in the olive woods beyond a church, with a monastery adjoining it, of plain pointed architecture. These edifices stand

upon a fine terrace wall of Roman times. The Roman port was of vast extent. Two-thirds of it are now choked up with sand. The mole is in good preservation, and it still possesses the stone rings used for mooring galleys.

As there is no diligence beyond Terracina, we engaged a carriage to take us to Mola di Gaeta. After pursuing our road on the Appian Way, between the mountains and the sea, for three or four miles, we reached the lake of Fondi. By the road side we passed several remains of Roman tombs, and two or three square watch towers, with those bold machicolations which form such prominent features in Italian military architecture. Similar towers are seen on every headland between Salerno and Amalfi, adding considerably to the picturesque beauty of that very lovely coast.

In addition to these towers, there are several small brick guard-houses erected for the protection of travellers. Some forty years ago this road was like a camp, there were so many detachments of soldiers to keep off the brigands. Happily now times are changed; we did not see above two or three *carabinieri*, although the route had formerly such a bad reputation.

Fondi, a dirty town with a most ill-favoured population, has a pretty little Gothic church, with a nave without aisles, a projecting porch, and wheel win-

dow at the west end, a tower of two stages at the side, with a two-light window in each story, and a low spire, with squinches.

From Fondi an ascending road leads to Itri, a town in a recess of the mountains. This town is in reality a large castle or fortified enclosure, round which the road winds. A more favourable situation for the eyrie of a brigand can hardly be imagined, as every traveller has to make the circuit of the castle. Here dwelt Michael Pozzo, commonly known as Fra Diavolo, whose exploits between 1799 and 1805 made his name notorious throughout Europe.

The road from Itri to Gaeta passes between richly-cultivated gardens. We pass on the right a round tower on a square basement, called the Tomb of Cicero, who was put to death in the neighbourhood, B.C. 43. His villa was at Mola di Gaeta, and what remains of it is now enclosed in a private garden. I found nothing above ground belonging to the villa but some baths and the foundations of a temple. Mola is really a long, straggling, straight-built place parallel to the shore, without any buildings of importance.

The next day we rounded the bay, and drove across a wide plain where was situated the ancient town of Minturnæ. The only ruin is that of an amphitheatre of *opus reticulatum*. It is a site hitherto unexplored, and would probably repay research. We then passed in sight of Sessa, where

there are remains of a bridge and amphitheatre, and came upon the railway at the station of Sparonisi, not far from Capua, whence we took the train to Naples.

XI.

TIVOLI.

NOWHERE do nature and art enter into such pleasing combination as at Tivoli. The surroundings of most ancient ruins are generally of a desolate character, and tend to create a feeling of melancholy. The marshy plain upon which stand the battered fanes of Pœstum tells of stagnation and decay, and speaks to us only of the long-forgotten past. The purple background to the acropolis of Athens, formed by Hymettus, and other treeless hills, is in perfect unison with the ruins, and gives us all the grandeur of repose; still the *tout ensemble* is sad. But at Tivoli the somewhat sombre feelings which result from the contemplation of a hoary ruin are enlivened by the contrast produced by falls of dashing waters and by the cheerful sight of verdant foliage. We are withdrawn from the dead past to the ever-living, bustling present.

Imagine a deep and narrow ravine bounded on one side by a precipitous rock, on the summit of which is perched the picturesque ruin of a round temple, buttressed by walls, and arches of *opus reticulatum*, and of such gradation of colour that it seems to have grown out of the rock; the opposite

bank, composed of shelving strata, shaded by the branches of overhanging trees, the roots of which have thrust themselves into each crack and crevice of the rock, forming an evergreen canopy of verdure, nourished by the perpetual spray from a fine cascade which tumbles from beneath a stone bridge a little below the level of the temple. This cascade falls to the full depth of the ravine, whirls and eddies past a cave called the Grotto of Neptune, to lose itself in a chasm called the Grotto of the Siren, and reappear many yards below, to hurry on its course to the plains of Latium. It is not easy to conceive a more fascinating picture, whether seen from the glen beneath or from the bridge above.

The falls and the river have formed the subject of many pictures and photographs. In the view from the bridge there is a certain amount of grandeur. On the left is the temple,—beneath us the flood hastening to its fall,—before us the hills crowned with gnarled olive trees ;—above there was formerly a picturesque wooden bridge spanning the ravine, which now no longer exists. Formerly the cascade was much finer than it is now, for then a whole river fell thundering down into the abyss. Now, however, it is shorn of its former sublimity, for this river, the Teverone or little Tiber, had a bad habit, common also to its greater namesake, of overflowing its banks, and, as Pliny says (*Lib. viii. epist. 17*), of destroying woods, rocks, houses, sumptuous villas,

and works of art, and as in November, 1826, in one of its wildest freaks, it carried away a church and thirty-six houses, Gregory XVI. instructed his engineers to find some method of preventing such disasters in the future. This they effected (for the Italians seem to have a natural talent for engineering; witness the bridge at Civita Castellana, the piercing of Mont Cenis, the Synagogue of Turin) by piercing two tunnels through a spur of the adjoining mountain, thus diverting the main body of water from the ancient fall, and forming a new cascade of 300 feet in depth, which exceeds in magnificence that near the temple, from which it is distant about a quarter of a mile.

It is not surprising, considering the attractions of Tivoli, that in the time of ancient Rome it should have been the most favoured spot for the erection of the villas of the wealthy citizens. The vicinity abounds with such structures, and the principal object in the view of the Campagna seen from the height on which Tivoli stands,—must have been the superb imperial villa erected by Hadrian, which was in truth a city on a small scale, adorned with edifices which were reproductions or imitations of those visited by the Emperor in his travels—palaces, a hippodrome, an academy, and thermæ. Not content with reproducing the wonders of art of Egypt and Greece, he imitated the most lovely vale of Classic story—that of Tempe; and having ransacked

earth, he was dissatisfied till he included within his territory, tracts symbolising the immortal Elysian fields and the dark domain of Tartarus. This assemblage of stately edifices and luxuriant gardens must have been then the chief point of attraction in the splendid prospect. There were, besides, in the neighbourhood of Tivoli the villas of Catullus, Horace, Vopiscus, Tibullus, Q. Varus, Ventidius Bassus, Mæcenas, Sallust, and of at least a dozen other men of note. The crumbling remains of terraces on which these structures stood are everywhere to be met with around the olive plantations which cover the side of the mountain nearest the Campagna. Here there is a rich field for future excavators. Hadrian's villa has for years been the scene of excavations—with rich results—carried on by the Italian Government. When we were there the workmen were uncovering a vast marble tazza, evidently the basin of a fountain.

Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, was a town of the Siculi, a powerful people, who were not subdued by the Romans until the time of Camillus. There are not many remains of its ancient grandeur still in existence. There are the ruins of two temples inside the walls and one outside, a small circular building called the Temple of Tussis—the Cough. There have been many disputes about the dedication of this edifice. In former days it went by the name of the Temple of the Sibyl, simply because Tivoli

boasted a Sibyl and a beautiful temple, so naturally one was associated with the other in men's minds. But later researches have upset the theory. Most of the temples circular in plan were dedicated to Vesta. In Mr. Vaux's valuable list of buildings represented on coins,—published in the first volume of Parker's "*Antiquities of Rome*,"—we find no less than seven round temples on medals with the name of Vesta, one of Augustus, another of Titus, two of Domitian, two of Julia Domna, two of Caracalla. We have also in Rome the circular Temple of Vesta. Consequently we may conclude that the temple at Tivoli was dedicated to that goddess.

As to the period of its erection there were also many opinions; most people attributed it to the time of Hadrian, on account of the semi-Egyptian sloping of the jambs of the windows, as it was known that Hadrian had a predilection for Egyptian art. But a careful examination of the architecture, combined with a relic of an inscription, lead us to the conclusion that it was of earlier date.

In order to examine the ruins we must penetrate into the courtyard of the Hotel della Sibilla, as the cunning innkeeper of some former day enclosed the ruin as his property, foreseeing a large annual revenue from the visits of travellers. On stepping upon the rocky platform on which the ruins stand, which is itself supported by arches and buttresses built round the rock, we find that the edifice stands

on a podium one-third the height of the columns, and that the pavement of the ambulatory has disappeared. There were eighteen columns around a circular cella; ten only of these remain. The columns are of a composite order, 23 ft. 9 in. in height, the height to the top of the cornice being 35 ft. 8 in. The columns have no plinths. The capitals of the columns are very different from others of the same order in form and proportion. They are only one diameter in height, and have the rows of leaves turned over and crumpled in a very unusual manner. The volutes are unusually large, and resemble rams' horns. The only known capital at all like these is that of the Temple of Venus in the Forum of Pompeii. The part above the cornice is destroyed, but there is no doubt but that the cella was crowned by a dome which sprung at some distance above the roof of the peristyle. There is a doorway of good proportion remaining, and on either side of it a window, proving that in some cases the adytum of a temple received light otherwise than through the door or from the hypæthrum. The profiles of the various mouldings have a somewhat Greek character, especially the cyma, which forms the base-mould of the podium, and which resembles that of the pedestal of the lion tomb of Cnidus. "Those edifices of the Republican period which have survived Imperial restoration, are almost purely Greek in character," because the Romans

in Republican times imported many Greek artificers.

Again, this building does not in its proportions accord with Vitruvius's precept for the construction of the peripteral temple. Hence we may fairly conclude that it was built before the Augustan age.

In the inscription before-mentioned occurs the name of L. GELLIVS. Now, there was a Lucius Gellius who was a pro-Consul in Greece, and who was living in the year of Rome 682—72 years before Christ. What is more likely, then, than that he brought back with him reminiscences of Greek art, and possibly architects or masons, who built this temple at that period? The frieze is decorated with the *caput bovis* between garlands of flowers—an appropriate ornament for a temple of Vesta.

Near the circular building there is a small church—that of St. George—built on the site of another temple, of which four columns alone remain. This has been called the Temple of Hercules, for which Tibur was celebrated, but we should suppose that edifice to have been of larger dimensions, and situated in another part of the town, as here there seems hardly room for the grove which we know surrounded it.

As Tivoli is within an easy distance from Rome—about sixteen miles—it is the resort of numerous visitors in the spring, when the ravines are green

with sprouting shrubs and spreading ferns. From the upper stories of the houses of New Rome, from the tower of the Capitol, from the top of the Colosseum, or from any other eminence in the Eternal City, a dark spot may be discovered on the blue range of the Sabine Hills. This is the olive-clad declivity on which stands Tivoli, pierced by the ravine through which the Teverone, or, as it is more commonly called, the Anio, forces its way. In order to reach this pleasant place you leave Rome by the Porto di St. Lorenzo, passing the ancient basilica of that name, and near it the vast modern cemetery,—you cross the Anio by the Ponto Mammodo;—thence traverse the least interesting part of the Campagna, passing by the sulphur springs of Aqua Albula,—which reveal their presence by their strong sulphureous smell at least a mile before you reach them. This place,—when the Campagna is drained, and the vicinity of Rome rendered habitable, if not healthy,—will evidently be the Harrogate of Italy.

Near the springs are the quarries of travertine, which furnished the materials for the Colosseum and St. Peter's. The Anio is again crossed by the Ponte Lucano, near which there is a tomb resembling that of Cecilia Metella. After passing the river, a road to the right leads to the interesting ruins of the Villa of Hadrian; and from this point you commence the ascent to Tivoli, through olive

plantations and vineyards. On entering the town you pass the fine Villa D'Este, built in 1549. The gardens of this villa,—formed on a succession of high terraces, planted with magnificent cypress trees, and abounding with grottoes and fountains,—afford a very agreeable resort in the heat of the day, and are well worth a visit after the inspection of the more attractive beauties of the cascades and ruins. There is no spot near Rome so agreeable for the sojourn of a day or two as Tivoli. But if you wish to see the falls in perfection you should not go to them immediately after heavy rain; for although the volume of the water is considerably increased, its colour becomes dark, from the admixture of mud. We saw the cascades for the first time after a week's journey in the Sabine Hills in rainy weather, and were consequently disappointed with the muddy tint of the cascades. May, perhaps, is the best month in which to make the excursion.

A pleasant way of returning to Rome is to follow the banks of the Anio as far as Subiaco, a distance of twenty-eight miles, passing the village of Vicovaro, noted for a miraculous picture and possessing an interesting octagonal church in the style of the transition from Gothic to Renaissance, and afterwards a village on the cliffs to the right, named Saracinesco, on account of its having been colonised by a body of Saracens about the year 876. At Subiaco the night may be spent in the comfortable

albergho—the “*Fernice*”—and on the morrow a visit may be paid to the most picturesque convent of St. Benedict—the *Sacro Spero*. This convent consists of a collection of edifices built one above the other on the precipitous side of a narrow ravine somewhat after the fashion of the convent of Santa Saba, near the Dead Sea. These buildings are churches of various dates. In the lowest story is to be seen the cave inhabited by the saint, A.D. 450. In front of the cave there is a garden of rose trees. Here, the brother who conducted us assured us that St. Benedict was in the habit of rolling himself in the thorns for the subjugation of his fleshly appetites. The chapels above are Gothic, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, richly decorated with painted diapers and figures.

Within the court of the cloister, which is on the topmost level, stands a figure of St. Benedict in the act of forbidding the frowning precipices,—which overhang the conventual buildings,—from falling down and crushing them.

On returning to Subiaco from this most picturesque spot, we pass the monastery of St. Scolastica, which contains nothing worth seeing, except a Gothic cloister of the thirteenth century and an ancient painted chapel adjoining the modern church.

Leaving Subiaco, you journey by a good macadamised road to Olevano, a small town perched upon a rock, from which a magnificent view of part

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